TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the BLADE.

A SOCIETY EPIGRAM.

BY SANCHO PANZA.

O, sneer not at the pair,
Bachelor Timon,
Who have just come up, not to curse, but swear
To the altar of Hymen!
Their souls are uplifted to the heaven's fair,
Like Pillar-saint Simon!

May their full bliss last long!
(All men say *Amen!*)
May their love be forever as high and strong
As the gibbet of Haman.
May they live as free from spite and wrong
As Pythias and Damon!

O, their life is a song;
Arondes ombo!
She is the head cook, and he beats the gong,
At L'Hote de Rochambeau.
They are black as spades, and green as soucheng—
Diuah and Sambo!

Our Story Teller.

Written for the Toledo BLADE.

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN

"For Three Years, or During the War."

21 Home in a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

BY JOHN MCELROY,

Author of "Andersonville: A Story of Southern Prisons."

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CHAPTER LXIII.

THE END.

A few weeks after the surrender two women drove out the Jackson road from Vicksburg in a vehicle that was noticeably shabby, even for that country of shabby vehicles. The horse was aged and slow-motioned, the buggy weather-beaten and cranky, the harness unskillfully patcht with ropes and bits of leathern straps. The women wore heavy crape vails, and deep mourning, which the intense heat of the day must certainly have rendered very uncomfortable. They did not attempt to hasten the slow jogging of the horse, and the wheels of the buggy dragged languidly thru the deep, hot dust, scarcely raising it to the level of the occupants. So they escaped at least that much of the ordinary annoyance of such a journey.

As they came to the line of Rebel works a touch on the lines brot the old h se to a standstill. The two women descended from the buggy and made their way toward a bastion of the fort.

"I wonder if this is the place?" said the elder of the two, halting.

"Yes, this must be it," replied the other, taking from her pocket a letter, to which she referred for confirmation. Hampden Wilson says in his last letter:

"I am so glad that you are going to look up and mark poor Randolph's grave before it becomes impossible to do so. I do wish I could go with you and help you. But I will never accept the favor of a parole, or anything else from the Yankees, into whose hands I have been thrown by Pemberton's infernal incompetency, and I will rot in this prison before I will go out except by an escape, or a regular exchange for some captured Yankee officer of equal rank. We buried Randolph just where he fell, while nobly doing his duty. He sprang upon the works, to snatch a flag of the enemy's which had been planted there, and was shot thru the head. But you cannot mistake the spot. Two hundred paces from the Jackson road is a strong fort. About half way between the junction of the salient angle with the shoulder angle and the gorge, is a gabion that stands up higher than the rest. Under this is Randolph's body. Your affectionate cousin, HAMPDEN WILSON.

Military Prison, Camp Benton, St. Louis, July 15, 1863."

"Now we have found the Jackson road, or rather we knew it all the time, all we have got to do is to find the fort 200 paces from it, and follow the rest of the directions. Dear me, I wish these military men wouldn't use so much jargon. It's ever so much worse than the dress-making terms that the men are always making such fun of. Now, who can tell what is a 'salient angle,' or a 'shoulder angle,' or a 'bastion,' or any of that horrid stuff?"

"I supposed, Artemisia, from the way that Hampden wrote that you'd know all these confusing things the moment you set eyes on them," said the other in a hopeless way. "I'm quite sure if you can't make them out after your being around camps so much, and with studying up everything about the war as carefully as you have, there's no hope for us."

"Why, aunt, I can't understand how any woman can be expected to know what part of these ridiculous banks is called a 'gabion,' or a 'gorge,' or some other such too-perfectly absurd name for anything. If he'd said in the third scollop, just where the bank is cut bias, and finisht with long point, he'd made himself intelligible."

"O, dear, it's too bad, and after coming clear out here in the hot sun, too. I feel as if I should really melt. But let us walk out along the bank, any way, maybe we can find something that will give us some idea."

"How awfully it smells. The odor must come from the graves around. It's positively sickening. I feel that it is dangerous to stay here."

"I've no doubt it is, dear. Every breath seems loaded with poison. We ought to go back at once."

"No, aunt. If the men who are buried here could endure it to die for us, we certainly ought to be willing to take a little trouble and risk to find out and mark their graves. Think how poor dear Randolph would feel to know that we turned back so readily from searching for his last resting place."

"You are right. I'm well reproved. We'll stay here till we accomplish something; we cannot go back without something definite to tell his mother."

They set out upon their toilsome walk thru the trenches, which were now repulsive with the thousand signs of wrack and ruin that always mark deserted fortifications. The paths once worn smooth by the daily passage of thousands of feet, were now cut up by the drenching Summer rains. Hats and caps, with the terribly suggestive little holes in their fronts, and blood stained garments lay rotting all along the course. Rank weeds of fresh growth, whose unwholesome luxuriance had suggested the nourishment of human blood, frequently blockt their way, and over all was the sickening effluvia of a recent battle field.

But they pusht on, stopping from time to time, to compute the distance from the Jackson road, and endeavor to gain some idea whether they were in the locality described by the letter.

At last they entered the fort. The sound of their voices reacht a young Union soldier who was seated under the shade of a small tree, resting himself, and adjusting a bandage about his head. He rose in agitation, and lookt eagerly at the new comers. They had thrown back their vails, and the younger one showed features that he who was now looking upon them had engraved upon his faithful, hopeful heart these many long months. He started forward impulsively, to speak to her, but then recoiled, as he remembered how they had parted the last time, and how hopeless would be any, attempt to renew the acquaintance on the old basis. She in turn, gazed at him, but there was no sign of recognition in her eyes. Both women were startled at the sudden apparition of one of their foemen, where the dead silence of the sultry day made them believe they were entirely alone. At first they moved as if to turn away in resentment at the intrusion of their enemy upon a quest where his presence was sacrilegious.

But the hopelessness of that search, unless they could obtain the assistance of an intelligent guide, had become patent to both of them. This, the fatigue and the heat, weakened their fastidiousness, and obeying a sudden impulse, Artemisia said:

"Sir, we are very much in need of a little help, which doubtless you can give us."

To Karl it seemed an age before he could gain the use of his tongue to say with uncovered head and a low bow:

"I shall pe only too happy to pe off the least serfice to you ladies."

In a moment more he was at their side, and explaining to them the abstruse technicalities of engineering, and under his guidance they soon stood at the spot they were in search of, when Karl delicately withdrew behind the bank that they might indulge in their grief unobserved.

He was recalled in a few minutes by a scream from the elder lady. Running back, he found Artemisia prostrate upon the glowing bank. Fatigue, emotion and the terrible heat had overcome her—she had fallen under a sunstroke.

Karl helpt carry her back to the friendly shade of the tree, and hastened, with a bailless bucket lying near to the well of cold water, with which he had become familiar during the siege, and soon returned with a pailful of the restoring fluid. The aunt bathed the unconscious girl's head and hands with this, and Karl was in a little while delighted with unmistakable signs of her coming back to life. But it was manifestly impossible to attempt to return to the City with her until the sunset, and the hours till then were spent by him in glad service of carrying fresh supplies of cool water up the burning hill to allay the heat that still throbbed in her temples and veins. When the coolness of the evening at last came on he helpt her to their vehicle, and returned with the ladies to Vicksburg. His patient, thotful kindness completely won the aunt, who became communicative, as they journeyed slowly along, and told how all their male relatives having been slain in the war, they were now alone in the world, and were making their temporary home in Vicksburg, until some accident would determine their future course. She was too proud to add, what Karl had little difficulty in thoroly understanding, that they were as destitute of means as of kindred, and the gaunt wolf Want was prowling painfully near their door.

Artemisia's recovery was long protracted and tedious. Karl was on the convalescent list, and retained at Vicksburg. Being free from all duty, and allowed to make such use of his time as he chose, he became a daily visitor at the little cottage, where Artemisia and her aunt resided, and every visit brot some little comfort service to them, each tendered with so much tact and delicacy that they could not refuse it. The intimacy grew during the long August days like the development of the growth of the queenly magnolias and the fragrant jasmins in loveliness and grace under the Summer's ripening breath. For awhile Artemisia seemed all unconscious of it, but a sneering remark of a Rebel neighbor about the frequency of the "little Yankee's" visits brot first a flush of bitter shame, then a fit of careful self examination, and at last a sobbing confession in the arms of her sympathizing aunt that the little Yankee was more to her than all the rest of the world, and that if she had to choose between him and those with whom her life had so far been spent she would have to say, as the grand Moabitess said, thousands of years ago:

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

"Where thou diest will I die, be buried and there will I be buried; the Lord do so unto me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Need I say that Karl was not long in finding out this determination, and that he thenceforth soared on glorified pinions?

While still radiant with the first flush of this new-born happiness, he returned to the hospital to find Walter there, and he and O'Neil and Stock sitting at the side of Bronson's cot.

"Hurry here, Karl," shouted Walter, as he entered the door "we've just been thisking of sending a guard out for you. Nothing else will take you away from the side of that little Rebel. We've got a pile of news that I'm just aching to tell to you, and I hardly know where to begin the story, because each end of it seems equally important. First, a general consolidation has been ordered of all regiments and companies that have been reduced below a certain strength, and as there's hardly anything left of Company A. it disappears. All the non-commissioned officers that means you and me—are to be mustered out immediately, but we are to have commissions as Captains in one of the new negro regiments they are forming here. O'Neil is ordered to take command of a company in his Regiment in the Regular Army, and Bronson, whom the doctor says is recovering rapidly, but will never be able to do field duty again, is commissioned as Captain in the Invalid Corps they are now forming. Stock, here, is to be discharged, of course, and the General says he will get him a good position in the Chicago Custom House, where his salary will be totally out of proportion to the work he will have to do."

All night long the comrades sat together and discussed the news, and the wonderful change that it would bring to each of them. They formed a hundred plans for getting together again, and spending the rest of their lives in company. This seemed probable, as all were sanguine that the Confederacy must soon succumb under the staggering blows it had received on the Fourth of July, at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. When the morning came they made their preparations for separating, in accordance with the orders they had received, and after adieus, and repeated assurances to each other of the probability of a speedy reunion, parted. Bronson was sent up the river on the hospital boat appropriated to officers, while Stock made the journey on that for enlisted men. O'Neil's orders took him down the river, as his regiment was with the Army of the Gulf. Karl, who hesitated about accepting his commission as Captain in a negro regiment, for fear of Artemisia's displeasure, persuaded the Surgeon to continue him awhile on the convalescent list. It was so pleasant to remain near his betrothed, with no care or responsibility to mar the completeness of the elysium in which he had dwelt since receiving the blushing confession of her affection for him, that he cared not to stir himself lest it all fade like a sweet dream. Walter took his commission as Captain, and at once set about recruiting his Company to its full strength and drilling it into efficiency.

THE END.

For the Blade.

ACROSTIC.

BY M. J. GALPIN.

Suggested by reading Sergt. McElroy's "Christmas at Andersonville."

Alone 'neath the dew of the Southern night,
Naked and starved in their pitiable plight,
Down by the dead line they stagger again,
Expecting a shot that will end their pain.
Rebels and traitors have done their worst,
Scurvy and gangrene their lives have curst;
Out in the cold, the dew or rain,
Naught to relieve their galling chain;
"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts,"
In time thou wilt humble the proudest boast.
Long years have fled since those days passed o'er,
Loving and true to that farther shore;
Engraved on hearts are those days of yore.

Waterville, Kan., Jan. 25, 1881.

CRUEL BARBARA ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

Christopher was a fiddler and a man of genius. Educated people do not deny the possibility of such a combination; but it was Christopher's misfortune to live among a dull and bovine-seeming race, who had little sympathy with art and no knowledge of an artist's longings. They contented themselves, for the most part, with the belief that Christopher was queer. Perhaps he was. My experience of men of genius, limited as it may be, points to the fact that oddity is a characteristic of the race. This observation is especially true of such of them as are yet unrecognized. They wear curious garments, and their ways are strange. The outward and visible signs of their inward and spiritual graces are familiar to most observers of life, and the aesthetic soul recognizes the meaning of their adornments of the hair and their puttings on of apparel. Genius may be said in these cases to be a sort of mental measles exhibited in sartorial form, and it may be supposed that but for their proving fatal. There are reasons for all things if we could but find them, yet where is the social philosopher who will establish the nexus between a passion for Beethoven and the love of a bad hat? Why should a man who has perceptions of the beautiful fear the barber's shears? There was no social philosophers to speak of in the little country Town in which Christopher was born and bred, and nobody in his case strove to solve these problems. Christopher was established as queer, and his townfolk were disposed to let him rest at that. His pale face was remarkable for nothing except a pair of dreamy eyes which could at times give sign of inward lightnings. His hair was lank; his figure was attenuated and ungraceful; he wore his clothes awkwardly. He was commonly supposed to be sulky, and some thought his tone of voice bumptious and insolent. He was far from being a favorite, but those who knew him best liked him best, which is a good sign about a man. Everybody was compelled to admit that he was a well-conducted young man enough, and on Sundays he played the harmoninum gratis at the little Independent chapel in which that pious and simple pair, his father and mother, had worshiped till their last illness. Over this instrument Christopher—let me admit it—made wonderful eyes, sweeping the ceiling with a glance of rapture, and glaring through the boarders at the ladies' school (who sat in the front of the gallery) with orbs which seemed to see not. The young ladies were a little afraid of him, and his pallor and loneliness, and the very reputation he had for oddity, enlisted the sympathies of some of them.

Whatever tender flutterings might disturb the bosoms of the young ladies in the galleries, Christopher cared not. His heart was fixed on Barbara.

Barbara, who surely deserves a paragraph to herself, was provokingly pretty, to begin with, and she had a fascinating, natural way which made young men and young women alike unhappy. She bubbled over—pardon this kitchen simile—with unaffected gayety; she charmed, she bewitched, she delighted, she made angry and bewitched again. The young ladies very naturally saw nothing in her but a certain pert forwardness of which themselves would not be guilty, though it should bring a world of young gentlemen sighing to their feet. Barbara was 19, and she had a voice which for gayety and sweetness was like that of a throstle. Christopher had himself taught her to sing. His own voice was cacophonous and funereal, and it was droll to hear him solemnly phrasing, "I will enchant thine ear," for the instruction of his enchantress. But he was a good master, and Barbara prospered under him, and added a professional finish and exactness to her natural grace. She lived alone with an old uncle who had sold everything to buy an annuity, and she had no expectations from anybody.

Christopher had no expectations either, except of a stiff struggle with the world, but the two young people loved each other, and, having their choice of proverbs, they discarded the one which relates to poverty and a door and love and a window, and selected for their guidance that cheerful saying which sets forth the belief that what is enough for one is enough for two. Christopher, therefore, bent himself like a man to earn enough for one, and up to the time of the beginning of this history had achieved a qualified failure. Barbara believed in his genius, but so far nobody else did, and the lookout was not altogether cheerful. Barbara's surname was Allen, but her godfathers and godmothers at her baptism had been actuated by no reminiscences of ballad poetry, and she was called Barbara because her godmother was called Barbara, and was ready to present her with a silver caudle cup on condition that the baby bore her name. Christopher knew the sweet and quaint old ballad, and introduced it to his love, who was charmed to discover herself like-named with a heroine of fiction. She used to sing it to him in private, and sometimes to her uncle, but it was exclusively a home song. Christopher made a violin setting of it which Barbara used to accompany on the piana forte, a setting in which the poor old song was tortured into wild cadenzas and dizzy cataracts of caterwaulings after the approved Italian manner.

The days went by, days that were halcyon under love's own sunshine. What matter if the mere skies were clouded, the mere material sun shut out, the wind bitter? Love can build a shelter for his votaries, and has a sunshine of his own. Still let me sing thy praises, gracious love, though I am entering on the days of fogydom, and my minstrelsy is something rusty. I remember; I remember. Thou and I have heard the chimes at midnight, melancholy sweet.

"Barbara," said Christopher, one evening, bending his mournful brows above her, "we must part."

"Nonsense!" said Barbara, smilingly.

"There is no hope of doing anything here," continued Christopher. "I must face the world, and if there is anything in me, I must force the world to see it and to own it. I am going up to London."

"To London?" said Barbara, no longer smiling.

"To London," said Christopher, quoting Mrs. Browning; "to the gathering-place of souls."

"What shall you do there, Christopher?" asked Barbara, by this time tremulous.

"I shall take my compositions with me," he answered, "and offer them to the publishers. I will find out the people who give concerts, and get leave to play. I will play at first for nothing. I can but try. If I fail, I fail. But there is nothing here to work upon. There is no knowledge of art and no love for it. I must have more elbow-room."

Elbow-room is indispensable to a violinist, and Barbara was compelled to agree to her lover's program. She was a brave little creature, and though she was as sorry to part with her lover as even he could wish her, she accepted the inevitable. Christopher finished his quarter's instructions where he had pupils, declined such few further engagements as offered themselves, packed up his belongings in a tin box somewhat too large for them, said farewell, and went his way to London. Barbara went with him by coach into the great neighboring Town five miles away, and saw him off by train. The times and the place where these two were bred were alike primitive, and this farewell journey had no shadow of impropriety in it even for the most censorious eyes.

The coach did not return until evening, and little Barbara had three or four hours on her hands. She walked disconsolately from the station, with her veil down to hide the few tears which forced themselves past her resolution. Scarcely noticing whither her feet carried her, she had wandered into a retired and dusty street which bore plainly upon its surface the unwritten but readable announcement of genteel poverty, and there in a parlor window was a largeish placard bearing this legend: "Mrs. Lochleven Cameron prepares pupils for the Stage. Inquire Within." A sudden inspiration entered Barbara's heart. She had seen the inside of a theater once or twice, and she thought herself prettier and knew she could sing better than the singing chambermaid whom everybody had so applauded. Christopher had often defended the stage from the aspersions cast upon it by the ignorant prejudices of country-bred folk, who looked on the theater as a device of the Arch-enemy and an avenue to his halls of darkness. In pious varyings from church she had heard the Reverend Paul Screed compare the theatrical pit with that other pit of which the Enemy holds perpetual lease, but she respected Christopher's opinion more highly than that of the Reverend Paul. There was yet a sense of wickedness in the thought which assailed her, and her heart beat violently as she ascended the steps which led to Mrs. Lochleven Cameron's door. She dried her eyes, summoned her resolution, and rang the bell. A pale faced lady of stately carriage opened the door.

"I wish," said little Barbara, with a beating heart, "to see Mr. Cameron."

"Pray enter," returned the lady in tones so deep that she might have been a gentleman in disguise.

Barbara entered, and the deep voiced lady closed the door, and led the way into a scantily furnished parlor, which held, amang other objects, a rickety-looking grand piano of ancient maker.

"Be seated," said the deep-voiced lady. "I am Mrs. Lochleven Cameron. What are your wishes?"

There was just a suspicion of Dublin in Mrs. Cameron's rich and rolling tones.

"You prepare pupils for the stage?" said Barbara. Her own clear and sweet voice sounded strange to her, as though it belonged to somebody else, but she spoke with outward calm.

"Do you wish to take lessons?" asked the lady.

"If I can afford to pay your terms," said little Barbara.

"What can you do?" asked Mrs. Cameron with a stage solemnity. "Have you had any practice? Can you sing?"

"I do not know what I can do," said Barbara, "I can sing a little."

"Let me hear you," said the deep voice; and the lady, with a regal gesture, threw open the grand piano.

Barbara drew off her thread gloves and lifted her veil, and then, sitting down to the piano, sang the pitious ballad of the Four Marys. Barbara knew nothing of the easy emotions of people of the stage, and she was almost frightened when, looking up timidly at the conclusion of the song, she saw that Mrs. Cameron was crying.

"Wait here a time, my dear," said Mrs. Lochleven Cameron, regally business-like in spite of her tears, but with the suggestion of Dublin a trifle more developed in her voice.

She swept from the room, and closed the door behind her; and Barbara, not yet rid of the feeling that she was somebody else, heard Mrs. Cameron's voice, somewhat subdued, calling "Joe."

"What is it?" asked another deep voice, wherein the influences of Dublin and the stage together struggled.

"Come down," said Mrs. Cameron, and in answer to this summons a solemn footstep was heard upon the stair. Barbara heard the sound of a whispered conference outside, and then, the door being opened, Mrs. Cameron ushered in a gentleman tall and lank and somber. Like Mrs. Cameron, he was very pale, but in his case the pallor of his cheeks was intensified by the blackness of his hair and the purple-bloom upon his chin and upper lip. He looked to Barbara like an undertaker who mourned the stagnation of trade. To you or me he looked like what he was a second or third rate tragedian.

"I have not yet the pleasure of your name," said Mrs. Lochleven Cameron, addressing Barbara.

"My name is Barbara Allen," said Barbara, speaking it unconsciously, as though it were a line of an old ballad.

"This, Miss Allen," said Mrs. Cameron, with a sweep of her right hand which might have served to introduce a landscape, "is Mr. Lochleven Cameron."

Barbara rose and courtesied, and Mr. Lochleven Cameron bowed. Barbara concluded that this was *not* the gentleman who had been called down stairs as "Joe."

"Will you sing that little ballad over again, Miss Allen?" asked Mrs. Cameron, gravely seating herself.

Barbara sang the ballad over again, and sang it rather better than before.

Mrs. Cameron cried again, and Mr. Cameron raid "Bravo!" at the finish.

"Now," said Mrs. Cameron, "do you know anything sprightly?" She pronounced it "sproightly," but she was off her guard.

Barbara, by this time only enough excited to do her best, sang "Come Lasses and Lads," and sang it like herself, with honest mirth and rural roguishness. For without knowing it, this young lady was a born actress, and did by nature and beautifully what others are taught to to awkwardly.

"You'll have to broaden the style a little for the theater," said the tragenienne, "but for a small room nothing could be better."

"I venture to predict," said the tragedian, "that Miss Allen will become an ornament to the profession."

"I am afraid," said Barbara, rising from the piano, "that after all I mad be only wasting your time. I have not asked your terms, and—I am—I have not much money."

"Miss Allen," said the tragedian, "unless I am much mistaken, you will not long have to mourn that unpleasant condition of affairs."

"Are your parents aware of your design, Miss Allen?" This from the lady.

"I have no parents," faltered Barbara. "I am living with my uncle."

"Does he know your wishes in this matter?"

"No," said Barbara, and the feeling of guilt returned.

"If he is willing to trust you to my tuition," said Mrs. Lochleven Cameron, "I should be willing to instruct you without charge on condition that you bound yourself to pay to Mr. Cameron one-third of your earnings for the next three years."

This opened a vista to Barbara, but she was certain that her uncle would give his concent to no such arrangement

"You had better lay the matter before your uncle, Miss Allen," said the tragedian. "Without his consent, Mrs. Lochleven Cameron could not see her way to an arrangement. She is aware—as I am—of the undeserved stigma which has been cast upon the profession by bigotry and ignorance. She has no respect for the prejudice—nor have I—but she will not violate the feelings of those who are so unfortunate as to suffer under it."

"You're quite right," said Mrs. Cameron, colloquially, and then, with added grandeur, to Barbara, "Mr. Lochleven Cameron expresses my feelings admirably."

Barbara made no reply. It would have been sweet to work for Christopher even by so audacious a means as going on the stage. But the vision crumbled when she thought of her uncle. She dropped her veil and drew on her gloves slowly, and as she did so a rapid step ascended to the front door, there came the click of a latch-key, the slam of the street door as closed, and then, with an imperative knock which awaited no answer, a young man rushed in the room and shouted:

"Done at last!"

There was triumph in this young man's eyes, and the flush of triumph on his cheek. He was a handsome young fellow of perhaps five and-twensy, with a light curling beard and a great blonde mustache. His clothes were a little seedy, but he looked like a gentleman. He did not notice Barbara, and the tragedian and his wife apparently forgot her presence.

"You don't mean ——?" began Mrs. Lochleven Cameron.

"But I do mean it," cried the newcomer. "Rackstraw has taken it. It is to be put in rehearsal on Monday, and billed for Monday week. How is that for high, eh?"

"Good, dear boy, good!" said the tragedian, and the two shook hands.

"But that's not all," said the newcomer. "Milford was there."

"The London Milford?" asked Mr. Cameron.

"The London Milford?" said the other. "Milford of the Garrick. He heard me read it, prophesied a great run for it, has promised to come down again and see it, and, if it fulfills his hopes of it, means to take it up to town. In fact, it's as good as settled."

"I congratulate ye, me boy," said Mr. Cameron. "I knew yu'd hit 'em one of these fine days. I knew it."

Through all this, which she only half understood, Barbara was silent. She took advantage of the love which followed the tragedian's expression of friendly triumph to recall Mrs. Cameron to the knowledge of her presence.

"I will speak to my uncle," she said, "and I will write you."

The stranger looked round when she spoke, and snatched his hat off. Barbara bent her head in general sa utation, and went her way. When she left the street she could scarcely believe that it had not all been a dream. It was so unlike herself to do anything so bold. She felt more and more guilty as she waited for the coach, more and more afraid of confiding to her uncle such a scheme as that she had so hastily formed. When she reached home she made one or two inward overtures toward the attempt, but her courage failed her, and she kept silence. Yet she used to think sometimes that if she had the power to shorten poor Christopher's struggles, it was almost a crime not to do it.

CHAPTER II.

We who live in London know well enough that its streets are not paved with gold. If one had asked Christopher his opinion on that point, he would no doubt have laughed at the childishness of the question, yet he came up to London with all the confidence and certainty which the old childish belief could have inspired. He was coming to make his fortune. That went without saying. He was brimful of belief in himself, to begin with. "The world's mine oyster," he thought, as the cheap parliamentary train crawled from station to station. The world is my oyster, for that matter, but the edible mollusk is hidden, and the shell is uninviting. Christopher found the mollusk very shy, the shell innutritive.

Publishers did not leap at the organ fugue in C as they ought to have done. They skipped not in answer to the adagio movement in the May-day Symphony. The oratorio conjured no money from their pockets—for the most part, they declined to open the wrapper which surrounded it or to see it open. Poor Christopher, in short, experienced all the scorn which patient merit of the unworthy takes, and found his own appreciation of himself of little help to him. His money melted—as money has a knack of melting when one would least wish to see it melt. Oxford-street became to him as stony-hearted a step-mother as it was to De Quincey, and at melancholy last—while his letters to Barbara became shorter and fewer—he found an enforced way to the pawnbroker's whither went all which his uncle's capacious maw would receive; all, except the beloved violin which had so often sung to Barbara, so often sounded Love's sweet lullaby in the quiet of his own chamber. That he could not part with, for he was a true enthusiast when all was told. So he went about hungry for a day or two.

I have hurried a little in telling his story in order that I might get the worst over at once.

Two months before he came to this sad pass he was standing one cold night in front of the Euston road entrance to the great terminal station, when the sound of a violin struck upon his ears, played as surely a violin was never played in the streets before. The performer, whoever he might be, slashed away with a wonderful, merry abandonment, playing the jolliest tunes, until he had a great crowd about him, on the outskirts of which girls with their arms embracing each other swung round in tune to the measured madness of the music. The close-pent crowd beat time with hand and foot, sometimes this rude accompaniment almost drowned the music.

"An Orpheus! an Orpheus! He worked on the crowd.
He swayed them with melody merry and loud."

The people went half wild over this street Paganini. They laughed with him and danced to the music until their rough acclamation almost made the music dumb. Then suddenly he changed his theme, and the sparkle went out of the air and left it dim and foggy as it was by nature, and by and by added a deeper gloom to it. For he played a ghostly and weird and awful theme, which stilled merriment and chilled jolity, and seemed to fill the night with phantoms. It made a very singular impression indeed upon Christopher's nerves. Christopher was not so well nourished as he might have been, and when a man's economy plays tricks with his stomach, the stomach is likely to pass the trick on with interest. He stood amazed—doubtful of his ears, of the street, of the people, of his own identity. For that weird and awful theme was his own, and, which made the thing more wonderful, he had never even written it down. And here was somebody playing it note for note, a lengthy and intricate composition which set all theory of coincidence utterly aside. Nobody need wonder at Christopher's amazement.

The street fiddler played the theme clean out, and then passed through the crowd in search of coppers. It furnished a lesson worth his learning that, while he abandoned himself to mirth, the coppers had showered into the hat at his feet in tinkling accompaniment to his strains; and now that the weird and mournful theme had sealed generosity's fountain as with sudden frost. The musician came at last, hat in hand, to Christopher. He was a queer figure. His hair was long and matted, his eyes were obscured by a pair of large spectacles of darkened glass, and his coat collar was turned up to the tops of his ears. A neglected-looking beard jutted out from the opening in the collar, and not a feature but the man's nose was visible. The crowd had gone; looking round, one could scarcely have suspected that the crowd had been there at all a minute before.

"That was a curious theme you played last of all," said Christopher. "Was it your own?"

"No," said the musician, clinking together the coppers in his felt hat as a reminder of the more immediate business on hand.

"Whose was it?" asked Christopher, ignoring the hat.

"Don't know, I'm sure," the musician answered shortly, and turned away.

There was nobody left to appeal to, so, putting his fiddle and his bow under his arm, he emptied his coppers into his trousers pockets, and, putting on his hat, made a way in the direction of King's Cross. Christopher followed at a little distance, wonder-stricken still, and half disposed to return to the charge again. The musician, reaching the corner of Gray's Inn Road, turned. This was Christopher's homeward way, and he followed. By and by the fiddler made a turn to the right. This was still Christopher's homeward way, and still he followed. By and by the man stopped before a door and produced a latch-key. The house before which he stood was that in which Christopher lodged. He laid a hand on the fiddler's shoulder.

"Do you live here?" he said.

"What has that to do with you?" retorted the fiddler.

"That was my theme you played," said Christopher, "and if you live here, I know how you got hold of it. You have heard me play it."

"You live on the third floor?" said the other, in a changed tone.

"Yes," said Christopher.

"I'm in the attics, worse luck to me," said the street player. "Come into my room, if you don't mind."

He opened the door and went up stairs in the darkness, with the assured step of custom. Christopher, less used to the house, blundered slowly upward after him.

"Wait a minute," said the occupant of the attic, "and I'll get a light."

There was a little pause, and then came the splutter of a match. The pale glow of a single candle lit the room dimly. Christopher jumped at the sight of a third man in the room. No! There were but two people there. But where, then, was the man who had led him hither? Here before him was a merry-looking youngster of perhaps two and twenty, with a light brown mustache, and eyes grey or blue, and close-cropped, fair hair. The hirsute and uncombed genius of the street had vanished.

"Don't stare like that," said the transformed, comically. "Here are the props." He held up a ragged wig and beard.

"The what?" asked Christopher.

"The props," returned the other. "Props are properties. Properties are theatrical belongings. There's nothing diabolical or supernatural about it. Wait a minute, and I'll light the lamp and set the fire going."

Christopher stood in silence while his new acquaintance bustled about the room. The lamp cast a full and mellow light over the whole apartment, and the fire began to crackle and leap merrily.

"Sit down," said the host, and Christopher obeyed. "I always like to take the bull by the horns," the host continued, with a little blush. "I didn't want to be found out at this game, but you have found me out, and so I make the best of it, and throw myself upon your confidence." He took up the wig and beard lightly between his finger and thumb and dropped them again, laughing and blushing.

"You may rely upon me," said Christopher in his own dogged and sulky tones. "If I wanted to tell of it, I know of nobody in London."

"That was your theme, was it?" said the host, throwing one leg over the other and nursing it with both hands.

"Yes," said Christopher, "you played it very accurately; you must have a very fine memory."

"I suppose I have," said the other, with a little laugh. But it's a wonderful thing."

"Do you think so?" asked Christopher, blushing with pleasure.

"I do, indeed," his new acquaintance answered. "Play something else of yours."

There was a bed in one corner of the room, and on this bed he had laid the instrument and bow when he came in. He arose now and proffered them to Christopher. Christopher took them from his outstretched hand and played. The other listened, nursing his leg again, and nodding at the fire, in tune to the music.

"You write better than you play," he said at length, with more candor than was altogether agreeable. "Not that your playing isn't good, but it misses—just misses—the real grip—the real royal thing. Only one player in a million has it."

"Do you think you have it?" asked Christopher, not sneeringly, though the words might imply a sneer, but speaking because he was shy and felt bound to say something.

"I?" said the other, with a merry laugh. "Oh Lord, no! A man can't bring out more than there is in him. There's no divine melody in me. Good spirits now and then, a bit of sentiment now and then, a dash more or less of the devil now and then—that's all I'm equal to. If I could have written that gavotte of yours I could knock sparks out of people with it. Here! lend me the fiddle."

He played it through with the grave-faced merriment proper to it, and here and there with such a frolicking forth of sudden laughter and innocent fun as gave gravity the lie and made the pretense of it dearly droll.

"That's it," he said, looking up with a naive triumph when he had finished.

Yes, that was it, Christopher confessed, as he took back the violin and bow and laid them on the table.

"What brings a man who plays as you do playing in the streets?" he asked a little sulkily.

"That eternal want of pence which vexes fiddlers," said the youngster. "I lost an engagement a month ago. First violin at the Garrick. Rowed with the manager. Nothing else turned up. Must make money somehow."

"What have you made to-night?" Christopher asked. "I beg your pardon," he said a second later; "that is no business of mine, of course."

"About seven or eight shillings," said the other, disregarding the withdrawal of the question. "And I won't ask you," he went on, "what brings a man who writes like you living near the clouds in a street like this?"

"Are you an Englishman?" asked Christopher.

"No," said the other. "No fiddler ever was. I beg your pardon. I oughtn't to have said that, even though I think it. No. I am a Bohemian, blood and bones, but I came to England when I was eight years old, and I have lived in London ever since."

They went on talking together and laid the foundation of a friendship which afterwards built itself up steadily. In two months' time Carl Rubach was restored to his old place at the Garrick, and poor Christopher was beginning to find out in real earnest what it was to be hungry. He was too proud to ask anybody for a loan and Rubach was the only man he really knew. "When things are at their worst," says the cynical lord, "they sometimes mend." Things suddenly mended for Christopher. The Bohemian turned up one afternoon with an Englishman in his train, a handsome young fellow of perhaps five and twenty, with a slight curling beard and a blonde mustache.

"Allow me to introduce you to Mr. John Holt," said the Bohemian. "This, Mr. Holt is Mr. Christopher Stretton, a musician of great genius. This, Stretton, is Mr. John Holt, a dramatist of great power. Gentlemen, know each other. Mr. Holt writes charming songs. Mr. Stretton writes beautiful music."

He flourished with mock gravity as he said these things, turning first to one and then to the other. Mr. John Holt's eyes were keen and observant, and one swift glance took in the knowledge of the composer's hungry pallor, his threadbare dress, the bare and poverty stricken aspect of the room.

"I have two songs for a new play of mine," he said: "I want them set to music."

Christopher's hand, thinner and more transparent than a healthy man's hand should be, reached out for the offered manuscripts.

"When do you think you can let me have the music?" asked the dramatist.

Christopher read the songs through, and looked up.

"To-morrow," he said.

"So soon!" said the other. "At what time to-morrow?"

"Will midday suit you?"

"Can you bring them to that address?"

"I will be there," responded Christopher.

His visitors left him and he sat down to think. He was weak, and the pain of hunger gnawed him, but as he sat over one of the songs the words built themselves into a tune almost without his knowledge or effort. Then he turned to write, and found that he had no music paper. He laughed bitterly at this discovery, and looking round the bare apartment sighted his violin case, and, rising, took the violin bow out of it, put on his hat, and, with the case under his arm, made for the pawnbroker's. There he realized half a crown, one half penny was confiscated in payment for the pawn-ticket. He bought paper, pen and ink, and having taken them home, came out again and ate cold sausage at the bar of a public house, and came back with a few pence still in his pockets. There was a nausea upon him, and he could not recall the air he wished to write. He had eaten nothing for three days, and he felt at once sick and drowsy. He was fain to lie down, and then he fell asleep to wake in two hours' time a little strengthened and refreshed. The tune came back again, and he sat it down, and then attacked the second song with like success.

Morning came, and after a meagre breakfast which finished his resources, he went weakly to the address the dramatist had given him. Mr. Holt had left behind him apologies for unavoidable absence. Would Mr. Stretton call again at three? He wandered desolately home, and waited, and when the time drew near set out again. This time the dramatist was ready to receive him.

"The lady who will sing the songs is here," he said, "and with your permission I will ask her to try them over now. Will you come with me?"

"I would rather await you here," said Christopher. The tunes he had written were running riot in his head, and he thought them puerile, vulgar, shameful. He would have torn the papers on which they were written if he had not already surrendered them. He had liked them an hour ago, and now he thought them detestable.

"As you please," said the dramatist, and added "poor beggar!" inwardly as he went up stairs.

The composer sat in a sick half dream and faintly heard a piano sounding in a distant room. It played the prelude of one of his songs. Now and then the sound of a female voice just touched his ears. He was so fatigued and weak that, in spite of his anxiety, he glided into a troubled doze in which he dreamed of Barbara. The dramatist returned, and Christopher came back to the daylight at the sound of the opening door.

"Mademoiselle Hèlène and myself," said Mr. Holt, "are alike delighted with your setting of the songs. I shall ask you, Mr. Stretton, to read my comedy and to write the whole of the incidental music, if you will accept the commission. We can talk over terms afterward. In the meantime, shall I offer you a check for 10 guineas?"

"Thank you," said Christopher. He took the check and walked to the bank, which was near at hand in Pall Mall, received his money, and plunged into an eating house, whence he emerged intoxicated by the absorption of a cup of coffee and a steak. If you doubt the physical accuracy of that statement, pray reduce yourself to Christopher's condition and experiment upon yourself. You are respectfully assured that you will doubt no longer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Knew It Without Measuring.

Burlington Hawkeye.

The next morning, the young man and the girl's father both appeared in the Mayor's Court, the old gentleman being charged with assault.

"Where were the parties standing when you saw them?" asked the Court.

"Out in the moonlight," said the witness; "the complainant was about half-way down the steps and the prisoner was standing on the porch, close to the edge."

"What was the distance between the parties?" asked the Court,

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

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A THEATRIC SELL.

A Story Told by W. J. Florence.

Many years ago, when I was not so well known in the theatrical world as I am now, I was a party, writes Mr. W. J. Florence to the *Era*, to what I am afraid was a sad hoax on my good friends, the play-going public of New York. The idea originated with the late Mr. John Brougham, then manager of the Lyceum Theater, where I was engaged as "general utility." A piece was produced called "A Row at the Lyceum Theater; or, Green-room Secrets," each member of the company assuming the part of himself or herself, Mr. Brougham playing Mr. Brougham, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Vernon, and so on. Each appeared in the ordinary dress of the street, and the scene was the green-room of the theater.

The performance was exceedingly realistic, and deeply interested the audience. Everything proceeded smoothly until the entrance of Miss Buggins, a *debutante* who, after greeting her friends, looked over her "part," objected to some of the "business," and laid claim to something more "tragic." Thereupon a stout, middle-aged man, clothed in a Quakerish garb, who had hitherto quietly listened and laughed with the rest, rose in his place in the center of the stalls, and, to the astonishment of the house, exclaimed:

"That woman looks for all the world like Clementina. Her voice is very like; and the form is the same."

After a pause he added with great emphasis, "It is, it is my wife!" following this up leaving his seat in a state of excitement, rushing toward the footlights, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Come off the stage, thou miserable woman."

The utmost confusion quickly reigned in the theater. The audience, at first amused at the interruption, soon saluted the Quaker with cries of "Put him out!" "Sit down!" and "Police!" and altogether quite a tumult arose. Up in the third tier, in a corner near the stage, was a red-shirted fireman, who added greatly to the excitement by threatening to give "Old Broadbrim" a sound thrashing if he laid a hand on the "young 'oman." Saying, moreover, he would go down and do it at once, he rushed down stairs to carry his threat into execution.

The uproar entirely stopped the performance. Ladies were endeavoring to leave the house, and gentlemen were addressing the people and vainly endeavoring to restore order. All this time the irate husband was struggling to reach his wife, and he ultimately clambel over the orchestra, followed by the red-shirted defender of the "young 'oman."

Finally both were seized by a couple of stout policemen and dragged upon the stage. When there they were made to face the house, and immediately the regulation semi-circle was formed, the epilog was spoken and the curtain dropped, almost before the audience had time to recognize in the red-shirted fireman your humble servant, W. J. F.; in the indignant husband, Mr. Brougham himself; in the recovered wife, Mrs. Brougham, and to realize that they have been the victims of a stupendous "sell."

Money Matters in Rome.

Rome Letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.

The "good times" in money matters are gone for tourists in Rome. For ten years we have been enjoying all the benefits of paper money, selling the gold we received or brought from America at a high rate of exchange. Last Summer and in the early Autumn gold sold at the rate of two and a half fire, paper, on every gold napoleon and three years ago we received even more. This Winter, when the Government announced the approaching return to specie payment, gold ran down with a rush, so that now we make little or nothing by its sale. Now is this the worst of the vexed matter. We cannot even get our gold drafts cashed in gold, as in Paris and London, without paying a high percentage. For example, I had a draft last week for nearly a hundred pounds sterling on a London banker. I asked my banker to cash it in French gold; he charged me 1 per cent., and I lost 13 francs gold, for simply asking to have less than the check called for; for English gold is worth more on the money market than French gold; and, moreover, when a banker draws such a draft as I sold, he also draws the interest from the time the time the money was deposited in America. It is all very well for business men to "shave" each other, because they can indemnify themselves by their own "money operations," but it does seem hard and rough on women to have their little pittances nibbled here and there. Our incomes are often earned with great struggles and a dollar is no elastic object to us, meaning one value to-day and another to-morrow, as with men; we give good solid work for it, but by the time the poor dollar passes through one hocus pocus and another, before it reaches us it meets with the fate of the bit of cheese, in the ancient fable, where the shrewd monkey held the scales.

A Horse Talked to Death.

Cincinnati Commercial.

It was at a sale stable on Fifth street, and a tired looking horse was brought before a crowd. A dozen voices arose in a bid of $25, and in the noisy way in vogue at horse auctions, the bidding swelled to a perfect din. The bidders were hoarse, and the hoarser they became the more vociferous were their bids. The poor animal looked completely bewildered. The auctioneer at last shouted: "Going for fifty dollars; am I offered no more? Gone for fifty dollars! Here's your horse, sir." Before he could ask the name of the purchaser the exhausted, deafened, bewildered beast dropped on his side and kicked his last.

Galveston News.

The Madison, (Wis.) *Democrat*, in endeavoring to treat the wounds received by the candidates for the Presidency, wisely prescribes St. Jacobs Oil. Of course we could not expect our worthy contemporary to do otherwise than recommend that famous Old German Remedy, which "heals all wounds but those of love," and soothes all pains, save those of political disappointment.

Correspondence.

PARISIAN LETTER.

The Funeral of Blanqui—Reminiscences of the Great Revolutionist—Moliere's 250th Birth Day—Honors to Victor Emanuel—An Addition to the Zoological Department of Jardin D'Acclimatization—Museums and Their Contents.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

PARIS, Jan. 12th, 1881.

Parisians of every social class are endowed with acute sensibilities, which are easily called into action, and when Blanqui the great Socialist, passed away last week, it was feared that Rochefort and his friends might seize upon the occasion of his funeral to arouse the Communistic spirit, and that demonstrations calculated to endanger public peace and order might ensue. The Republican press cautioned its radical colleagues not to give way to unnatural grief and excitement over the death of a beloved leader, and biographical sketches of the deceased exalted his virtues and touched lightly upon his faults. The greatest honors which it was possible for a people to show the last earthly remains of a public man, were extended to Blanqui and to the cause of which he was for 40 year the champion.

The funeral pomp for which Paris is famed was dispensed with, as far as was possible under the circumstances. Blanqui lived and died in the fifth story of a modest house on Boulevard d'Italiens. His sister, Madame Antoine, and her daughters and and sons, made him a happy home, since the death of his wife, and together with his sons manifested a depth of affection, love and devotion peculiar to French character, notwithstanding the impression to the contrary too often conveyed by writers who are either misinformed or wilfully untruthful. Madame Antoine refused the assistance of the undertaker in preparing her brother's remains for their last resting-place, and until placed in the coffin, they reposed on a small iron bedstead, at whose foot floated the red colors of the Commune, a wreath of oak leaves being suspended at the head. The procession began its march at 1 o'clock P. M., but by 9 o'clock A. M. delegations from Socialist societies of the provinces had already gathered at the house of mourning, bearing crowns of immortelles, and inscribed banners. At noon 300 political organizations were present, and 50,000 people were in waiting to follow the remains to their last resting place, in the cemetery of Pere La Chase.

The immense throng was a vast crowd of calm, composed, orderly, fine-looking people, physically and mentally, and made a powerful impression. At half-past 12 Rochefort and the editorial corps of the *Intransigeant* arrived. Their appearance caused sensation but no disorder, though muffled cries of "Vive Blanqui!" "Vive Rochefort!" "Vive La Republique Sociale!" were heard. The line of march of the procession was from the house of the deceased on the right bank of the Seine, across the bridge of Austerlitz towards the column Juliet, or Place Bastile. The hearse bearing the remains, was such as is used by persons who in this metropolis of pomp and magnificence desire to be buried unpretentiously, and designated as "convoi du cinequieme classe," or fifth class convoy, or funeral, several companies of which were present, but their services were not required to preserve peace and order, though at times were needful to keep back the crowd. The humble hearse was completely covered with immortelle crowns, many of which were red, the color of the Commune, and most of the persons in attendance wore scarlet immortelles as button hole bouquets, or breast-knots. The chief mourners were the sons of Blanqui and his nephews. Following them four representatives from the "Comite des Amnesties," bore aloft an immensely large red immortelle crown, rejoicing upon a black drapery. This drew forth sensational comments, but nothing to break the order of the occasion. Following this were representatives from 300 political, socialistic societies of France, bearing banners and flags, a few of whose inscriptions will give an idea of their spirit; "A Blanqui, Les Ouvriers Boulangers"—"To Blanqui, from Workmen Bakers"—"Les Socialists M. Thoulon," "La Libre Pensee"—"Free Thought." "A liberal journal, "A Blanqui; Redaction des Citoyen."—"To Blanqui from the Editors of the Citizen." "Ouvriers Revolutionaire de Montmartre"—"Revolutionary Workingmen's Association of Montmartre." The journal *Les Droit des Femmes*, or The Right of Women, was represented by a large black and white bead crown. Every Socialist organization from the different arrondissments of Paris, made an imposing demonstration, which was followed by many workingmen's or trades' union organizations, and the entire Socialist and "Free Thought" press.

At the Bastile Square where Column Juliet stands, to memorise the dungeons where so many minds went out in darkness, and so much martyrdom for opinion's sake occurred, and where light came through the revolution of 1793, in the destruction of the old prison, and where the monument also marks the deeds of the revolutionists of July 1830, the procession was largely increased and some momentary disorder occurred, which showed how powerless the police were to repel the crowd had it desired to create a tumult. The march for Pere La Chase, continued from this point without interruption, and as the cortege arrived at the cemetery gates, it divided, about 30,000 persons standing on each side of the gates, through which hearse and mourners passed. Pere La Chase is so crowded with marble tombs, and streets or paths are so narrow that a thousand persons could not possibly find standing room within any distance to hear funeral orations, or witness burial ceremonies. Several ladies fainted amid the jostling and surging of the crowd, as the body was placed in a temporary vault near place, or square, Casimer Perrier, quite near the statue of that hero. Many eulogies were pronounced over the remains at the vault. Louis Blanc, Rochefort, Talandier and Mademoiselle Michel being among the orators. The latter vehemently adjured all revolutionists to swear eternal fidelity to the colors of Blanqui, and others pronounced him the greatest defender of the rights of the people, and a martyr to the revolutionary cause.

Though the crowd quietly dispersed, the conservative press spoke of the funeral demonstration as "the affirmation of the pride of power, of the revolutionary principle, in the face of the Government in open daylight in Paris." The death of Blanqui brought several interesting reminiscences to light, long forgotten by the past and unknown to the present generation. Together with his friend and colleague Barbes he was sentenced to death in 1839, and the day for his execution fixed. Through the interposition of Victor Hugo and Lamartine, his sentence was commuted by Louis Philip to banishment for life. As the jailor came to announce that his life had been spared, he believed the hour for his execution had arrived, and is said to have displayed perturbation of spirit at the thought of death, which his friend met with perfect stoicism. Blanqui is described as having possessed a kindly nature, and strong family attachments, and a melancholy disposition "disposed to dwell with too much sadness in the shrouds of the past." His was the animating spirit, and the soul of the famous secret revolutionary society known as "The Seasons," which was as much dreaded in its time as the Nihilists are now. Six members of this organization were called a week, each named after a certain day, and commanded by a captain called Sunday. Four weeks were called a month, whose commander was named Juliet. Every three months was a season, commanded by Spring. Four seasons, or a year, were commanded by a Revolutionaire. Only the members of one week were known to each other, and though the society numbered but 1,200 members they were posted at certain distances throughout France, and performed very effective revolutionary work, and made themselves so formidable that their name was a terror, even after they had ceased to exist as an organization, and to this day they have left an ineffaceable trace in the history of the revolutionary movements of France.

The 250th anniversary of the birth of Moliere will be celebrated on the 15th of this month by an original drama entitled "Torquelin Pere et Fils," in which will be portrayed the filial love and affection of the great dramatist. The play is founded upon incidents connected with his biography. On the same day the Italian colony will celebrate "a grand High Mass" at the Church of the Madeleine, for the repose of the soul of Victor Emanuel, it being the anniversary of his death. Students of natural history are very much interested in the welfare of a remarkable family of cats, which an East India traveler brought from that country in their chrysalis state, and which are undergoing acclimation at the wonderful "Jardin D'Acclimatization," in Bois Boulogne. They are of the vampire species, and are diurnal cats, whose existence has been hitherto unknown to zoologists. The wonderful patience which the French people have displayed in acclimating animals, birds and insects from polar regions to the tropics, in the Jardin des Plants, and Jardin D'Acclimatization, and the success they have had, will doubtless enable them to enrich insect history, by chapters upon "diurnal vampire bats." The industry, perseverance and expense which the Parisians have given for centuries, to the formation of museums and collections of paintings, statuary, coins, medals, paper and metal currency from the earliest ages to present times, is past description. Their libaries are as astonishing in collections as their museums of Zoology, and their studies in anthropology can't help but convince the variest monkey of the truth of the Darwinian theory, after he has viewed the skulls of his ancesters classified and arranged according to intellectual growth, and examined the thousands of skeletons of the Zoological museums. In the National museums of antiquity at the Hotel des Thermes, one gets an excellent idea of how people looked and lived in the ages of stone and brass, and all the other subsequent ages. What cooking utensils they used, how they dressed, how they fought, what ornaments they admired. At the "Musee D'Artillerie," in the Hotel d'Invalides, terra cotta warriors, fully equipped, tell the story of our savage ancestors, of their struggle through brute force from a condition of brutality and animalism, through the cultivation, slowly, gradually, of ethical growth. The warriors of every age, of every nation from the arctic to the antarctic regions, teaching how in primitive times existence was one perpetual fight, and life one continued battle, cause peace-loving visitors to give thanks that they exist at an age when killing is less fashionable, and less honorable than it used to be, and the ancient collection of tapestry work, every stitch of which represents "wifely work" as our German friends say of woman's handiwork, cause modern women affected with *cocothes scribendi*, to consider life with all its trials a boon, in comparison to what it must have been when it was the fashion to cover walls, beds and furniture with home-made embroidery.

ROSA L. SEGUR.

WASHINGTON.

The Everlasting Weather—Sleighing and Slipping—The Christiancy Case—Congress—Ex-Senator Matthews.

To the Editor of the Blade:

At the risk of being thought prosy and commonplace, and having myself impaled on the pen-nibs of your many correspondents, I will venture a few remarks on that ancient and universal subject—the weather. We certainly have it here in distressing abundance, the Signal Bureau to the contrary, nevertheless. It has been an interesting theme here, even to the "oldest inhabitants," who say the like has never been seen or recorded in the book of Almanacs. If conversation grows dull and threatens embarrassment, we have only to touch up the weather question, when we soon find ourselves as fluent and animated as book peddlers. If we find ourselves languishing from the tedium of indoor life, we can go to the livery and get a first class goods box on runners at from $5 to $10 an hour, warranted to kill a horse in half the time. If you want something a little thrilling in the morning, read the local columns at the "bruised and broken." Snow and ice with an asphalt base takes the shine out of banana and orange peels, when it comes to interfering with a man's sedentary physiology by great odds. The funny folks here attempted to get up a sleigh carnival, which, as a failure proved to be an acknowledged success. All the editors here keep

ASSASSINATION COMMITTEES

To mete out justice and judgment to "the beautiful snow" bards. They have done a good business. While the season here, which would do justice to a much higher latitude, has brought joy to the hearts of thousands, there are many who will remember it as the "severe Winter," and the darkest days of their experience, for among the poor there is much suffering, although the more favored are prompt, cheerful and liberal in their donations, many are unavoidably overlooked.

Very little has been said for several days about the

CHRISTIANCY CASE,

and should the papers fail to further enlighten us on the subject, if none the wiser, we will certainly be none the worse for not hearing it, especially, if it comes in such distasteful doses as the old man's letter proved to be. It is right that all the evidence should be adduced—for and against—that the guilty may stand accused and the innocent justified; but I do protest against this indiscriminate raking up of all the garbage that must be brought to light in the Courts, in such cases, and casting it before the eyes of the people irrespective of age or sex. If we would bring up sons and daughters in whose purity we would delight, let us keep their minds untainted—as far as possible—by the suppression of these disgusting recitals; and none so capable of helping in this, as our daily papers.

So far, public opinion here is largley if not entirely with the wife, though I have heard some, who are charitably inclined to her, say she was more winsome than wise, and the very one to net for such game, with the design of feathering her nest, as the matrimonial fortune hunters term it. But when in possession of the coveted prize, she found herself sans nest and sans feathers. She began to long for the flesh-pots of her nativity and refused to be comforted. The day the old man took her to wife he established his mental decrepitude, and since, instead of playing the husband and lover has only proved himself most competent to play the—fool. As a statesman and a politician he is a colossal failure, an old disease on the body politic, that as a sanitary measure would do well to shake him off.

THE INAUGURATION

is fast becoming the engrossing topic, and all are looking forward with much impatience to the great day of National ceremony, which from present indications is likely to prove the most imposing and magnificent of any previous occasion of this kind. The committees and sub-committees are all thoroughly organized, and are actively setting about their work. The House has passed the Senate joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy to loan the inauguration committee the flags at the depot here, to be used in decorating the City on the 4th of March.

Money is now being solicited throughout the City, and departments, to meet the expenses of the occasion. The following is from the *Evening Star*, which will give you an approximate idea of its magnitude:

"The Inauguration Committee on Street Decorations met last night. Lt. F. V. Greene in the chair and Capt. S. Thomas, Secretary. Lieut Greene, from the special committee to whom was referred the subject of iron arches across the streets crossing Pennsylvania avenue, reported a plan for the same. There are to be 38 of these arches—one for each State—ranging from 32 to 52 feet span, according to the width of the streets. Specifications should be made and bids called for at once, so that the Committee on Decorations can go forward with the work of decoration and ornamentation. The successful bidder will be requested to make a deposit of $500, to be a forfeiture against a failure to complete the arches by the 25th of February. These arches are to cross the streets at the intersection of Pennsylvania avenue, and each State will be recognized by a representation of its state seal on a shield in the center, the ornamentation of the arches being varied. The cost of those arches will be between $2,000 and $3,000. On motion of Mr. C. C. Joyce the report was adopted and the committee authorized to advertise for bids at once. The Chair announced that Mr. Foster, of Cincinnati, would enlighten the committee on the subject of ornamentation. Mr. Foster submitted a design for a triumphal arch, which he had prepared to place across Pennsylvania avenue at 15th street. This plan showed two circular towers represented as of stone at each side of the avenue 50 feet high, with a magnificent arch spanning the avenue between the towers and handsomely decorated. Is it was decided to adopt it he would make the arch, ship it here from Cincinnati and take it down and reship it to the same place. The Chair informed Mr. Foster that a plan for an arch at the point of the avenue under discussion had already been adopted. A motion was then adopted that the sub-committee on the 15th street arch be authorized to ask for bids for the same at once, and require from bidders $500 forfeiture, should the arch not be completed before the 25th of March."

Some of the ancient and strong-minded have been holding what they please to term the

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION,

which has for its especial object the education, elevation and enfranchisement of that much abused portion of humanity, known as the "weaker vessel." The proceedings in such meetings are becoming as stereotyped and familiar as Mother Goose rhymes, set to the same old song, and discoursed by the principal chorister, Sister Susan.

They closed their assembly this time however, by asking the Senate to give them a Standing Committee on "Woman's Suffrage." But the venerable fathers were too much absorbed in the weightier matters of law, and at once squelched the vitality of this petition by sitting down on it.

The old weather proverb, "in like a lion and out like a lamb," is likely to find a fitting application to the

PRESENT SESSION OF CONGRESS.

And if the lion and lamb are in reverse ratio the go out part will be very diminutive. The species that was stirred to a fleeting and fervent heat, is now but a smouldering, flickering light; yea, (For the Blade.)

"PRAISE THE LORD."

BY SADIE L. OWEN.

Keep me, dear Jesus, close to Thee,
And free from every sin;
And to Thy name the glory be,
Help me Thy praise begin.

And if I find the way is rough,
In climbing Zion's hill,
Help me to fix mine eyes aloft,
And sing Thy praises still.

And if I find the hill is steep,
And briers hedge the way,
On Thee, forever, I would keep
Mine eyes, and praise and pray.

And when the Evil One doth try
To lure my feet away,
To thee, dear Saviour, I will cry,
And still I'll praise and pray.

And when at last I reach my home,
And all my toil is o'er,
I'll dwell with Thee, no more to roam,
And praise Thee evermore.

MIGHT TAKE THE CROUP.

The Sad Results of Making an Ill-advised Visit.

Cleveland Leader.

Several months ago Mrs. LaRubble died, and since that time LaRubble has been paying attentions to old Miss Wheezer, a rich old maid of Cleveland.

"I do wish that you would bring your little girl to see me the next time you come," requested Miss Wheezer, the other night, when La Rubble was taking his leave.

"I will be rejoiced, but she is such a little romp that I am afraid you will be tired of the visit."

"Oh, no," answered Miss Wheezer, with a sudden unbending of frame characteristic of a heave, "I can never grow tired of a visit which involves your own presence."

"Thank you. Good night;" and after lingering one moment more to squeeze a prudish hand, La Rubble left, and, as the young novelists say, strode down the street.

Next evening La Rdbble and his little girl called. Miss Wheezer pressed the child to her—well, say bosom—and covered the little upturned face with kisses. Releasing herself, the child ran to her father, and, leaving him, went on a miscellaneous excursion around the room.

"How did you like Endymion, Miss Wheezer?"

"Oh, splendid! and do you know the work should endear itself to all women, in that it places our sex so high in political influence."

"We had eggs and chicken for breakfast when my ma died," exclaimed the little girl.

"Beaconsfield well knows the influence of women," said La Bubble, sending a reproachful glance at his daughter. "I have been a close student—"

"My pa took my ma's clothes to a place where there is three great big gold balls, bigger than I could lift, and—"

"But do you think," remarked Miss Wheezer, "that in vivid portrayal Endymion is quite equal to Vivian Gray?"

"There is the same outcropping of almost insatiate ambition, but—"

"One day," began the child, "one day—"

"As I was saying the same ambitious outcropping—"

"One day my—"

"Ambition that ever swells in—"

"One day pa come home—"

"Hush, Lena," said La Rubble with poorly counterfeited tenderness. "Hush, you are not well. I don't know what's the matter with that child."

"Croup, probably," suggested Miss Wheezer.

"That ambition," continued La Rubble, which boils in the caldron of human nature—"

"One day my pa came home so sick and my ma shoved him over on the bed and pulled off his boots, and my pa struck at my ma and hit his hand on the bed post and said the awfulest—"

"Come dear, you are not well to night. I should not have brought you,"

"It was no doubt injudicious to bring her out into the night air," observed Miss Wheezer.

La Rubble walked so fast going home that the child could not keep up with him. Next morning he received a note which read very much as follows: "Dear Sir—You needn't call any more. I am not in very good health and my friends think if I expose myself I might take the croup.'

WASTED STRENGTH.

The Melancholy that Tinged George Eliot's Life.

Boston Courier.

It is said that a friend of George Eliot, in speaking of the deep tinge of melancholy in the books of that great novelist, says that one of her most constant thoughts turned on the waste of force in the world; and if there be any truth in in the statement, it certainly offers an adequate, though of course not the only reason of the pervading sadness of George Eliot's works. The consideration of the loss by wear and tear, the overcoming of stupid ignorance or bigoted prejudice, more than all the extent to which high intellectual and moral energy is worse than wasted by misdirection, may well sadden any profound thinker. As only one flower comes to maturity from a thousand seeds thrown upon the air, so scarcely one effort in a lifetime accomplishes its purpose, only one hope attains fulfilment. The thought is in itself a paralyzing one, upon which it is easy to found a pessimistic view of life. Fortunately, it is only one side of the question, since it takes for granted an ability to judge of the effects of efforts which man does not possess. It assumes that all force which seems to us misdirected necessarily is so, overlooking the fact that, like "the blind spinner in the sun," we cannot see the lengthening thread, or justly estimate the work actually accomplished. If we allow any latitude what ever for faith, it is manifestly our duty to trust to a higher power to bring to some good those efforts which, although honest, seem to human eyes to oppose rather than help the advancement of the right. On the other hand, supposing the most darkly pessimistic view ever entertained in the brain of man to be the true one, nothing is gained by persistently dwelling upon the dark facts of existence, except the making of ourselves unhappy.

POTTERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

How the Industry Has Devolpt in a Half Century.

Harper's Magazine.

There are now 800 potteries in the United States, the total products of which supply 50 per cent. of the wares annually consumed, the chief centres of the industry being Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, and East Liverpool, in Ohio.

The former City offered peculiar attractions to the potter, both from its railways and canals connecting it with the great Cities of the Union, and its nearness to mines of the raw material. West and southwest lies the coal, kaolin, spar and quartz mines of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and eastward the fire and white clays of New Jersey.

The clays of Ohio, Missouri, and Indiana, and abundance of fuel, have built up East Liverpool, making it the ceramic center of the West. For 30 years it has been engaged in the manufacture of the ordinary Rockingham and yellow wares, furnishing the greater portion of the two million dollars' worth annually produced in this country. It was not until 1873 that white ware of any description engaged the attention of the Liverpool potters: to-day white granites, semi-chinas, and "cream-color" are manufactured in 14 thriving establishments, and one or two firms are experimenting in china.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an INCURABLE LUNG DISEASE OR CONSUMPTION. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but ACT DIRECTLY ON THE INFLAMED PARTS, allaying irritation, give relief to ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGES, CATARRH and the THROAT TROUBLES which SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS are subject to. Sold at 25 cents a Lox every where.

Mrs. Partington Says

Don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripot fever. They are the *ne plus ruum* of medicines.—*Boston Globe.*

A SNORING CAT.

A Feline Victim of Mince-Pie and the Alarm She Produced.

New Orleans Picayune.

A gentleman residing on Van Buren street has a cat that snores, which is regarded by many as a phenomenon. He first discovered the cat's peculiarity one night last week, when she had been accidentally shut in his bedroom. He was awakened about midnight by moans which seemed to come from under the bed, and he rose to a sitting posture, while his hair began to stick up like a bundle of extension fish-poles. It was a wild, weird sound, and one that he had never heard before, and in the stillness and darkness it struck upon his nerves with a ghostly clamminess, as though a cold oyster had been dropped down the back of his neck. The cat was evidently the victim of mince-pie, which produced a sort of night-cat-mare, and she seemed to be dreaming of the hour when Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, should tremble at her power. By her snores—its length, breadth, depth, and cubical contents—it was apparent that the old cat had shouldered her crutch in her mind and was fighting her battles over again. She was dreaming of moonlit fences, swollen tails, and the many wild nights she had put in with other cats, in back yards, rolling over the returns coming in from New York and Indiana. And the wild-eyed man sitting up in bed listened, while his hair rose three cents on the strength of a failure of crops in Europe. His first thought was that some burglar had got under the bed in the daytime to wait until everybody was asleep to rob the house, and while waiting he had been attacked with a cholera morbus, and was dying alone and forsaken, far from home and friends and all whom he held dear. It was by no means a pleasant prospect, and he half regretted that the man had got under the bed at all. Still, it had been the ambition of his life to slay a burglar, and he had often wished for the time and opportunity to go out and kill enough burglars for a mess. But now that he had one under the bed, all doubled up with the colic, so that the killing of him would be merely routine business, he felt that it would not be right. He had stood with his back toward death on many a battle-field, years after the battle had been fought, but he thought that this burglar under the bed came more properly under the head of new business. He desired to move upon the enemy's works at once, but he did not wish to sacrifice his troops needlessly. He wanted to save his men. He only had one, and it became necessary to employ strategy, for the loss of that one man would defeat the object of the expedition. If he had had a friend sleeping with him that he could have thrown out as a skirmish line, it would have given him a sort of headquarters from which to direct the campaign. But he had not, and it was a game of solitaire. He started to put one leg out of bed, when it occured to him that the burglar might have hydrophobia instead of the colic, and was even then laying back to spring out and fasten his venomous fangs into something. It was a horrible thought, and the gentleman dodged back and covered his head with the bed-clothes. The old cat was now getting into the thickest of the fray, and her snoring was terrific. She seemed to be dreaming of some gallant fight, where she had met her enemy on the plains of Abraham, and they had snatched handfuls of fur out of each other, and then shook their tails, and jumped around, and howled. Under such circumstances a man thinks fast and the gentleman in bed conceived a plan to crush the burglar at one feel swoop, and at the same time take no risk of death. The bed was a slat bed, and raising up in it he came down with the force of a pile-driver, springing the slats out of the side pieces, as he expected, and the whole bed was forced thrugh to the floor with a crash. The Turk awoke. That is to say, the cat awoke, and her smothered cries under the bed sounded almost human, until they died away in suffocation. When there was no longer any sound issuing from under the mattress, the gentleman cautiously lifted it back, and there, limp and almost lifeless, lay the family cat. He had been the victim of misplaced confidence.

POSSUMS AND PIZEN SNAKES.

Little Johnny's Stories About a Possum, a Planner and a Mister Pitchel.

New York World.

Possums has tobacco pouches on the stomach, and one time there was a possum which wuz a show. A feller come to see the show, and he had a bunch of firecrackers, cause it was the Fourth of July. The feller he took one off, and put it in his mouth, and then he lit one of the others and held 'em out to the possum, and said, "Have a cigarette?" The possum it snatched 'em, and crammed 'em in its pouch, and wank its eyes like it said: "Now you can jest wisle for your ole cigarettes, for I'm a reglar savin s bank, I am!"

But bimeby the crackers they went off wild, and you never seen such a busted bank like that possum!

My Uncle Ned he had a possum, wich was a pet, and he had a little music box, too, but my sister's young man he plays the fiddle, and Samuel Doppy he can crow like roosters. One day the piano was moved out of the parlor, and Uncle Ned he wound up the music box and looked the other way, and the possum it sneaked up and put the music box in the tobacco pouch of its belly, a playin' the Sweet Bye and Bye real nice. Then Uncle Ned he went in the kitchen and called Mary, that's the housemaid, and said: "Mary, you go in the parlor and tell your mistress when she gets done playin' the piano I would like to see her."

Bimeby Mary she come a running back, wite like a sheet, and said: "Oh! if you please sir, that nasty cat of your'n has et the pianner!"

And now I'll tell you a little story about snakes. When Mister Pitchel wuz a missionary preacher in Africa, he seen a natif nigger trying for to catch a long snake. Mister Pitchel he said: "What do you mean to take that feller in your hands?" The natif nigger said he did, it his gods was willin that he shood get a tail hold. Mister Pitchel he said: "Ain't them kind of snakes pizen?" And the nigger he said, "I've et 10 this morning, and I feel pretty well. Mebby they would pizen me if I was greedy like hogs."

Among "all the ills that flesh is heir to" none are more provoking than a troublesome cough and but for that reliable remedy, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, many would be in despair. Price, 25 cents.

"An Ax to Grind."

West Chester Village Record.

Charles Miner, who for many years was the editor and proprietor of this paper, was the author of the expression, "an ax to grind." While editing a paper at Wilkesbarre he wrote a series of articles on manners, morals and domestic economy, among them being a paper entitled "Who'll Turn the Grindstone?" in which was the original of the expression. The author says that when he was a little boy he was accosted one cold Winter morning by a man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he: "will you let me grind my ax upon it?" Pleased by the compliment of "fine little fellow" the gentleman's bidding was done by the boy, water being procured for him and the grindstone kept in motion until the boy's hands were blistered, the smiling gent keeping up his flattery meanwhile. Before the grinding was finished the school-bell rang, and after the ax had the proper edge on it the man ungraciously exclaimed: "Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud to school or you'll rue it." The author says that he felt very much wounded and never forgot the incident, and ever afterward when he saw one person flattering another he said to himself, "that man has an ax to grind."

Truths.

The truth is that no person pursuing indoor occupations, can expect to escape the consequences. Those great organs, the liver and kidneys, will become inactive, and they need just such a remedy as Kidney-Wort to keep them in healthy condition.—*Rowlesdell.*

Popular Science.

Coffee-Making.

Our comments last week upon coffee-making, and the impossibility of women ever thoroly mastering the art, have called forth a number of vigorous protests from persons of the opposite sex, who assert with much vehemence that they *do* know how to make good coffee, and offer to give us a specimen of their skill, if we will come to their neighborhood, and furnish them the necessary materials. All these we respectfully decline. We have not the time to go where they are, we have no business calling us there, even if we had the time, and we certainly would not drink their coffee, if we went there and had the time. We have already drunk enuf of similar decoctions prepared by unskilful female hands to make a tanyard-vat full of liquor strong enuf to take the hair off a cow-hide. It is time we treated our patient and long-suffering friend—our stomach—with a little more consideration. But it is useless for these women to protest. The very fact that each one of them insists that she "makes coffee precisely as her ma did, who was universally acknowledged to be the best coffee-maker in the settlement," is sufficient demonstration of the positive viciousness of the liquid she prepares. Her "ma" was doubtless an excellent woman, according to the light she had, and did her duty as well as she knew how. It is painful to say that if there was any drunkenness, or any unfortunate dyspeptic manifestations in the family, they were directly traceable to her lack of knowledge of the art of cookery, but this is unquestionably true. The best preventive of intemperance that this world affords is a good, well-cookt meal of victuals. The most energetic propulsion toward alcoholic stimulation is given by wretched cookery. A man who has a savory cup of coffee, and a well-broiled beef-steak or a delicately prepared omelet for breakfast, has little temptation toward a glass of beer or a cocktail. But to one who goes down town with his digestive apparatus loaded with a greasy, fried beef-steak, made still more insoluble to the gastric juices by a cup of "coffee" which is simply a sweetened solution of tannin, and it will be strange if he does not crave for something to assist in carrying the dead weight.

But we are asked with something of a sneer by these feminine correspondents, to give a "recipe for making good coffee." That is an essentially feminine request. A woman imagines that everything can be done by a recipe. The "Sweet Singer of Michigan" complains of the number of requests that reach her from women asking for her "reseet for writing poetry." They imagine that everything can be done by the method of "take two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, two eggs, and a lump of lard." One of the old masters was askt how he mixt his colors to produce such wonderful effects, and he answered "with brains." This is the ingredient that women most frequently leave out of their preparations. Though we know this, and know that four out of the five women who read this will sneer at our method, because it is different from "ma's," and if they try will so bungle it as to produce fearfully bad results, we will nevertheless give our method, in the hopes that one coffee-maker in a thousand will profit by it

Before giving it, we will offer the following table of the constituents of coffee, that our readers may better comprehend it:

Cellulose	21 00
Water	12 00
Fat	10 to 13 00
Glucose, dextrine, etc	13 50
Legumine and and caseine	10 00
Other nitrogenous substances	3 00
Caffeine	1 00
Caffetannate	3 3 to 5 00
Essential oils	0 03
Ash	6 79
	100 00

The only things we have any interest in are the caffeine, caffetannates, and the essential oils. The other constituents are of no importance. The essential oils are what give coffee its delightful fragrance, and much of its marvelous restorative power. But, like all essential oils, they are very volatile, and heat drives them away. The way a woman sets about making coffee seems a deliberate effort to get rid of them, and so ruin the article. She first chars the berry, until all that is left in it is charcoal and tannin, and if perchance a little

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those unaccompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate to appear in the columns of a family paper. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is always a possible few for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions have been unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE on separate and distinct pages, on separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books or papers intended for this department. Every letter should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

A Subscriber, Verdella, Mo.:

A vein of coal 34 feet thick is being mined a Strattsville, O.

H. E. Gillett, Kenta, Ia.:

For your ration money, make direct application to the War Department at Washington.

G. H. Girard, Macoupin County, Ill.:

1. What is the standard work governing all parliamentary usages? otherwise public assemblies?

Cushing's Manual.

S. B. Fish, Butler, Ill.:

Is *trichinæ spiralis* found in beef as well as in pork?

Various kinds of parasites infest the different domestic animals, but *trichinæ spiralis* is found only in pork.

J. G., Racine, Mo.:

Is there any good land in Arkansas for homesteads. Where is the tobacco growing districts, if there is any?

Apply to the U. S. Land office either at Little Rock, Camden, Harrison or Dardanelle, Arkansas.

T. A. M., Milwood, Ill.:

Will you please tell me whether or not Andrew Johnson was a mason when he pardoned Jefferson Davis?

Davis was never pardoned by Johnson. The latter was a mason at the time of his Presidency.

J. M. Snyder, Atalissa, Iowa:

Who was the foreman in the origin of the Constitution?

Your question is not thoroughly understood. Alexander Hamilton was the leading mind in the preparation of the document.

J. M. Mc., Palmyra, Kan.:

1. Is it necessary to have the words "value received" inserted in a note? 2. Is it necessary to have the words "per annum" inserted in a note for one year? 3. In playing "Pedro," is it follow suit if you can, or, is it follow suit or trump?

1. No. 2. No. 3. Follow suit if you have it.

A Subscriber, Barry, Pike Co., Ill.:

I have seen several pictures hanging up in houses representing three kittens playing with A, B, C blocks, some of the blocks have figures on them. Now, I have been told that it is a puzzle, and if it is can you or any of the BLADE readers give me the answer?

We give it up. Perhaps some of the BLADE readers can solve the mystery.

S. D. H., Farmington, Wash. Ty.:

Are divorces, such as are frequently advertised by so-called divorce lawyers obtained in the States, legal?

Such lawyers are generally frauds, and the divorces obtained by them are not legal. Serious complications would arise if any one should marry again after having obtained such a divorce.

Thomas Richards, Tomah, Wis.:

Please give a list of the earliest inventions, by whom invented and where. Such as rakes, reapers, plows, and everything you are able to give.

We regret to inform you that the space allotted to the answers is restricted to three columns. The question might be answered in the form of a serial, but we fear even then it would be unprofitable reading matter.

Constant Reader, Gaston, Oregon:

What was the fastest time ever made on any Railroad?

We believe that the official statement of fast time on long runs gives the honor of making the best time to the Canada Southern Road. About a year ago a special train having Bishop Borgess on board made the run from St. Thomas, Canada, to Amherstburg, a distance of 111 miles in 109 minutes.

Simplicity, Toledo, O.:

Please explain the Phelps Dodge Custom case. How decided, how much was paid the Government, and was the money received as a compromise or as an award of court?

The case was one in which the firm was charged with bringing imported goods through the New York Custom House, with a systematic undervaluation. The firm paid some $200,000 as a compromise, they denying all liabilities.

W. R. W., Dixon, Ill.:

In case of female suffrage, will the wife of a foreigner be required to take out naturalization papers, or will the papers of the husband make them both citizens?

That matter would of course be regulated by statute. But it seems to us that if the woman were not born in this country she would have to go through the same legal form as the her foreign-born husband, before she could exercise the same rights that he would.

Neopolitan, Neapolis, O.:

1. Can a person legally demand the gold on presentation of National Bank notes to National Banks? If not, how can gold be obtained? 2. Is the silver dollar a legal tender for all debts?

1. No. A National Bank is simply required on the presentation of its note, to redeem the same in coin or greenbacks. Gold can now be obtained at almost any bank in exchange for notes. 2. Yes.

C. H. S., Rochester, Mass.:

Will you be kind enough through your column to give a brief history of the poisoning at the Capitol during the administration of Buchanan, and what the cause was?

The poisoning doubtless referred to occurred in one of the hotels in Washington, and was due to defective sewerage, and the use of water obtained through leaden pipes. Quite a number of Congressmen were made dangerously ill, and some died.

J. A. R., Owego, N. Y.:

1. Why were certain Counties in Louisiana and Virginia omitted in the Emancipation Proclamation? 2. When did slavery cease in these Counties? 3. What candidates for President have been defeated in the Electoral College after receiving a plurality of the popular vote? 4. What ex Presidents have been sent to Congress, either to the House or Senate?

1. The Proclamation of Emancipation only affected the slaves of those men who were still within the Rebel lines. Such parts of the country as had been repossessed by our Army, among which were these Counties in Louisiana and Virginia, were exempted from the provisions of the Proclamation. 2. Upon the adoption of the 14th amendment. 3. Jackson and Tilden. 4. John Quincy Adams to the House, and Andrew Johnson to the Senate.

F. S. Chebanse, Ill.:

1. Is the silk of corn the pistil? 2. What, and where is the Golden Horn? 3. A lever is 13 inches long; where must the fulcrum be placed to balance 7 lbs. and 10 lbs. respectively. Please give rule, or explain.

1. Yes, the silk of the corn is the stigma of the pistil. 2. The Golden Horn is the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey. 3. Supposing the lever itself to be without weight, the product of the weight by its lever arm, must equal that of the power by its lever arm or distance from its point of application to the fulcrum, in order that the system may be in equilibrium. In the present instance if X represent the distance from the 100 pound weight to the fulcrum 100 multiplied by X must equal 7 multiplied by 13 minus X. Solving—X equals 0 85 inches.

G. H. C., Girard, Kans.:

Is the Government not compelled to redeem legal tender notes which are mutilated, when the numbers are visible, at full value? If not, why?

The Government redeems the note for exactly the amount that is returned. The reason why it does redeem it at a high rate, is that it has been the custom of a certain class of thieves to cut portions from a bill and paste the remaining pieces together, and by cutting a small piece from each of a large number of bills and pasting them together make a new bill, careless persons not noticing that a small price had been taken from the mutilated bill.

H. A. Fields, Wesseca, Minn.:

1. Did the Rebels obtain a loan in Europe during the rebellion, and how much? 2. Did they pay the debt so incurred, or, if they have paid it, when? 3. Is there any [illegible] uniting British America with the United States? 4. Why do not the most reputed statesmen become Presidents?

1. The Rebels made quite a number of large loans in England, on cotton, tobacco, etc. 2. Owing to a crisis which occurred at Appomattox Court House, in April, 1865, the so-called Southern Confederacy became a popular bankrupt, not able to pay one per cent. of its liabilities. The few assets found were appropriated by the United States as a preferred creditor, since which time the Southern Confederacy pays "nothing to nobody." 3. Yes. People living near the boundaries, on both sides, have seriously advocated it, but there is no immediate prospect of its being done. 4. There is such a diversity of opinion that it can't be really settled as to whom the most reputed statesmen are.

A Subscriber, Severance, Ks.:

1. Will you please explain the National Banking system. 2. Do the banks pay any interest to the United States?

1. The first principle of the National Banking system is the establishment of banks under a law providing that they may issue as a circulating medium notes of their own, the payment of which is secured by a deposit of government bonds in the Treasury at Washington, to an amount 10 per cent. greater than the amount of notes allowed to be issued. The second feature of this system is Government inspection of the condition of the Banks, their assets and management, which secures their immediate suspension upon the discovery of fraud in their management, and an honest administration for the benefit of their creditors of their assets immediately upon the discovery of their insolvency, and a prompt punishment of the defaulting officers. No system of banking previously carried on in the world has afforded so sound a circulating medium or so great security to depositors. 2. They pay no interest, but they pay very heavy taxes.

U. N. O., Red Bird, Neb.:

Please give me some information regarding Alaska.

Alaska comprises all that portion of the North American continent lying west of the 141st parallel of west longitude, together with a narrow strip of land between the Pacific Ocean and the British possessions. The area including the Islands is 580,107 square miles. There are not more than 1,300 civilized natives. The capital is Sitka, the only considerable town, situated on a small harbor on Baranoo Island. It was for a long time the headquarters of the Russian-American fur company. The territory was purchased by the United States in 1867, was but little better than a small collection of rude huts, although it was founded in the last century. The interior of the territory has been but little explored, but new explorations are constantly being made. The climate of Alaska is by no means so inhospitable as that of corresponding latitudes on the eastern coast of North America. The interior is well wooded, dense forests of Sitka pine abounding on the Pacific Coast. The fur trade and the fisheries are the principal sources of revenue of the inhabitants, who sell great quantities every year. "Alaska and its Resources," by W. H. Dale, (Boston, 1870,) furnishes a great variety of valuable information concerning the Territory.

Z. Bliss, Lucas, Wis.:

Seeing in the BLADE not long since a mention by one of your correspondents of seeing peculiar sun dogs, so called, it reminded me of a singular phenomenon some years since. It was two bright rainbows, each forming half a circle, the lower one being smaller than the other, and the lower points resting on the bow beneath, inclosing perhaps one-third of the circle, forming a crescent. Can any of them. Will you or any of the BLADE readers give me the answer? and other readers of the BLADE a cause for the singular occurrence?

Such phenomena, which are not of infrequent occurrence, are simply owing to the peculiar state of the atmosphere at the time. It is a scientific fact that in refraction there is a certain angle at which a ray of light having passed through one medium, on coming to the surface, will not pass out of the medium into the next, and suffer refraction, but will be totally reflected back into the first medium. This angle is called the critical angle or angle of total reflection, and differs with different media. In the present instance, the ray of light from the larger rainbow reached the eye before total reflection takes place, or before the critical angle is reached, which caused the appearance of the smaller bow above the other, a case of simple looming, as scientists call it.

J. A. B, Saline, Mo.:

Please give me the dimensions of the obelisk in Central Park, New York, together with something of its former history.

Hight of the obelisk from base to tip, 69 feet 2 inches; base of the obelisk, square through its axes, 7 feet 8½ inches; at the top, 5 feet 3 inches square; weight, 219½ tons; main body of the obelisk, 61 feet 7 inches in length; pyramidon, 7 feet 7 inches in length. No two sides of the obelisk are equal in width. If you cut it through in sections you will find it a trapezium. The hight of the pedestal is 6 feet 11 inches; at the base it is 9 feet 3 inches square, and at the top 9 feet 1 inch square. The weight of the pedestal is 46 tons. The hight of the foundation is 4 feet 10 inches; hight of the bottom step, 1 foot 3½ inches; width, 1 foot 6 inches; hight of the middle step, 1 foot 7 inches; width, 1 foot 3¼ inches; hight of top step, 1 foot 9½ inches. The base is 17 feet 8 inches square at the bottom, and 12 feet 3½ inches at the top. Its weight is 87¾ tons. Total hight of the top of the obelisk from the manticle on which the base stands, 80 feet 11 inches. Hight from the eastern drive to the foundation, 12 feet 1 inch. Elevation of the site of the obelisk above mean high water, 101 feet 6 inches; to the top of the obelisk, 194 feet 6 inches. Weight of the obelisk and its pedestal and foundation, 712,000 pounds. Thotmes III. erected the obelisk at the entrance to the Temple of the Sun, in Heliopolis, more than 3,500 years ago. Two centuries later Rameses II. employed the reporters of his times to carve his greatness on the stone, and 23 years before Christ Augustus Cæsar moved it to Alexandria, and set it up at the Cæsarium, a place that has gone to ruin, and in our times is merely one of the walls of a marble yard. In that yard, near the station of the railroad to Cairo, Mr. W. H. Hurlbert found it when the Suez Canal was opened. He persuaded the Khedive of Egypt to present it to the City of New York, through the Government of the United States, and a contract was nearly perfected with John Dixon, who had transported the mate of this obelisk to London, to bring it to New York for $75,000, but the negotiations fell through, and Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, then commanding the "Gettysburg," having taken careful observations in the Mediterranean, expressed his willingness to do the work. Thereupon the Secretary of the Navy assigned him to the State Department. Sec. Evarts permitted him to take the contract, and detailed him to go to Egypt.

Anson D. Eley, Witner, Pa.:

1. Who are the most distinguished American orators? 2. Where are the principal salt mines of the earth? 3. Is there war going on anywhere in the world? If so, where? 4. Give a sketch of Daniel Boone's life. 5. What are the dog days?

1. Robert Ingersoll, James A. Garfield, Henry Ward Beecher and Wendell Phillips. 2. Among the largest salt mines in the world are those of Strassfurt, in Prussia, and the adjoining Anhalt mines. The salt mines of Wielicska, near Cracow extend over a space two miles in length, by a mile in width and are over 1,000 feet deep. Spain has one of the most remarkable salt mines in Europe at Cardona in Catalonia, where there is a hill 500 feet high, covering an area of three-quarters of a square mile composed nearly vertical beds of salt, gypsum and clay belonging to the cretaceous series, the salt constituting about four-fifths of the entire mass. Besides these there are other immense mines in England, Canada and the United States. 3. Yes. Between Chili and Peru, another in South Africa, and numerous quarrels going on nearly all the time over in Central Asia. 4. Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pa., February 11, 1735. When he was 18 years of age his family moved to the banks of the River Yadkin, in North Carolina. In 1769 he and five others set out to explore the border regions of Kentucky and during the time they were gone he suffered incredible hardships, at one time being left entirely alone for several weeks with only his rifle as a means of support. In 1773 he sold his farm and with two brothers and five other families started to make his home in Kentucky. In 1778 he was captured by the Indians and taken to Petroit whence he escaped and returned to Kentucky where he was promoted to the rank of Major. In 1792, when Kentucky was admitted into the Union, there was a great deal of litigation over the titles to the lands, and Boone, not being able to establish his title perfectly, was compelled to give up. Disgusted at the advancing civilization he went on out West, settling on the Femme Osage River, 45 miles west of St. Louis, where he lived from 1795 to 1804, spending the latter portion of his life in Missouri, with his son in-law, Flanders Callaway, at Charette, where he died Sept. 26, 1820. 5. Among the ancients the dog days represented the period of greatest heat in summer, and were so named because in the latitudes of the Mediterranean this period nearly corresponded [illegible] that which the dog star rose at the same time with the sun. Modern almanac makers sometimes reckon the dog days from July 24 to August 24, and sometimes from July 3 to August 11.

Information Wanted.

William J. Ball, Frasers, White Co., Ill., wants the address of Chas. Call, Captain of Co. B, 29th Ill. Infty.

C. Bateman, Pesotum, Ill., wishes the post-office address of Capt. W. C. Banggs, Co. I, 14th O. Cav. Vet. ols.

C. C. Young, Liberty Center, O., wants the address of his uncles, who moved West years ago, from Stephentown, Rensalaer Co., New York.

Mrs. Ellen West, Golden City, Barton Co., Mo., wants to know who was doctor at Cairo Hospital, in September, 1863, and his present post-office address.

Ross M. Smith, Atkinson, Jefferson Co., Wis., writes: Will Samuel S. Smith or John S. Wilson, or any one inform me where a letter will reach either or both of the parties named?

Mrs. Eliza A. Cantwell, Wilson, Ellsworth Co., Kans., wishes the address of Miss Mary Fitzgerald and Mrs West. The former was last heard from in Chicago, the latter at Osage City, Kan.

A. F. Dearth, of New Salem, Fayette County, Pa., wants the address of all the legal heirs of Thomas and Bazel Brown, the founders and owners of Brownsville, Fayette County, Pa., immediately.

J. B. Campbell, Ulma, Wabaunsee Co., Kan., desires the address of one Ed. Brackman, formerly Captain of Co F, 47th Ohio Vol. Inf. The last heard of him he was in a wholesale liquor store in Cincinnati, O.

O. L. White, Antrim, Tioga Co., Pa., asks: Can any of the BLADE readers give me the address of George Richards, a Canadian by birth, wholived near Oakdale, Worcester Co., Mass. in 1864 or 1865, or either of his children, Albert or Emma.

Information Furnished.

William Rhineders, Co. D., 8th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Shell Lake, Burnett County, Wis., sends the following information that has been asked for through this column: "Daniel Riser enlisted in Co. D, 85th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Capt. Charles Houghton went with his company to Louisville, Ky., and there I think went to a hospital, as I do not recollect of seeing him again. He received one month's pay at Peoria, Ill., but no more pay or bounty that I know of. The address of Lieut. W. W. Turner, same Company, is Bath, Mason County, Ill.; of Lieut. Sylvester Cogeshall, same Company, is Havanna, Mason County, Ill.

Enigmas, Puzzles and Queries.

J. B., Toledo, O., writes: With regard to those cannon balls that have appeared in your columns so often, I wish to make my acknowledgements to A. J. B., of Meadville, Mo., and Royal, Nero, Neb., and award them the cake. The volume I gave for the large ball was the same as theirs, but my chirography was evidently too much after Horace Greeley's style. The volume cut out, I got wrong through a very stupid mistake. I wish to submit to them and other BLADE mathematicians the following, hoping that they will not have as long a tussle with it as I did: Supposing the specific gravity of cork to be 0.64, what proportion of the vertical diameter of a cylinder of cork will be submerged in water when laid on its side?

Alfred Jones, Berlin X Roads, O., writes: Will any of the many readers of the BLADE give me a solution to the following example: How many inch balls can be put in a box which measures inside 10 inches square, and is 5 inches deep?

N. C. Baker, Freeport, sends the following: Required to divide the number 261 in three parts, that if the square root of the sum of their squares be added to the square root of their continued product, shall be a square number, a cube, and also a sixth power. The roots are in geometrical progression.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

W. H. Dukeshier, no postoffice, Buchanan County, Mo., contains 50 cents for a book.

No postoffice, County or State. Contains $1.75.

Letter containing $1, from Aurora, no State, signed L. Jowdy, F. M.

Letter containing 55c, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter dated Roberson's Mills, Stone County, Missouri, contains 50c; no name attached.

Jas. H. Winters, no Postoffice, County or State, 20c.

Letter containing 40c, signed James Coates, no postoffice, County or State.

Will H. R. Clark, Springfield, give his State?

Will J. H. Morris, Morrisville, give his County and State, and his complaint will be rectified?

Letter containing $2.50 with 54 names F. S. Wells and Katharine D. Musgrove, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1.25, for C. D. Tarbox's subscription, signed by John Rollins, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1.25, signed Aaron Phillips, no Postoffice, County or State.

Will George W. Ashmore give his Postoffice, County and State, and the error will be corrected.

Letter containing $1.25, signed Mrs. Kitty Van Horn, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1.20, to pay for paper to James Files, signed by Charles Fleming, P. M., dated at Willow Hill, no County or State.

Letter containing $2.50, dated at Austin; no County or State, to pay for paper to A. Betz and John D. Lutjins.

Letter containing $10, dated at Centreton, no Coumy or State, to pay for 10 papers, signed A. Gaze.

If J. B. Swartz will give his Postoffice address, the extension will be attended to.

Letter containing $1.20 to pay for a paper to go to Louisburgh, Kan.

The card was got from R. A. Martin.

A Champion Critique.

A man, a desk, a room. The man was in the room, and his feet were on the desk.

Nothing was wasted.

The man was an editor.

Somebody rapped at the door.

"Come in," said the editor.

It was a boy.

He laid a book on the editor's table and went out again.

The editor looked at it awhile, and then took it into another room, where there was another man with his feet on a desk. He was writing busily, but ceased his work as the editor came in.

He was a literary person.

"Give this a good notice," said the editor.

"All right," said the literary person. Then the editor went out.

The clock in one corner of the room kept up an incessant ticking. The literary person disliked this clock, but the man who wrote the financial articles owned the clock and would not allow it to be removed. He said its ticking reminded him of the way bankers did business.

After a while the literary person finished his review of a book on the ethics of protoplasm and stopped writing. Presently he looked at the book which the editor had left. He had never seen anything like it before, but he did not weaken. Again his pen traveled rapidly over the paper. This is what he wrote:

"We have received from the publishers a dainty little work entitled 'Records of Trotting and Pacing in the United States and Canadas for 1880,' and can warmly recommend it to our readers. While the plot is one replete with sensational incidents and situations, it is yet of a character that can offend none. teaching, as it does, the lesson that true progress is attained only by earnest effort. The almost idyllic story of "Maud S." and "St. Julian," who seem to be the principal characters in the story, is told in a simple yet finished manner, and one lays down the book with a restful feeling at the heart that should always be produced by a properly constructed novel."

The next day the editor saw this in his paper. He read it carefully and said:

"—!"

A Home Ruler.

Rockland Courier.

"Is your wife a Democrat or a Republican?" asked one Rockland citizen of another in a store this morning.

"She's neither," was the prompt response, and then glancing cautiously around, and sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, he explained: "she's a home ruler."

Great Horse Medicine.

No horse need die of colic if Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment is on hand when first taken. A simple dose revives an overheated horse and puts new life into him. It quickly cures galls, sprains, old sores, scratches, sore throats, etc. The Derby Condition Powders are used by the best horsemen in the country. They are no cheap articles, but the best ingredients that can be purchased, and perfectly innocent.

They cure distemper, loss of appetite, worms, bots, coughs, hide-bound, give a fine coat and cleanse the urine; 25 cents per box. The Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle; the Horse, 90 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, No. 62 Murray street.

One thousand certificates from prominent horsemen can be seen at spot.

IMAGINATIONS GIVEN AN AIRING.

Some Marvelous Cold Weather Yarns Told Around a Pike County Barroom Stove.

New York Sun.

MILFORD, Pa., Jan. 22.—"There's quite a little snap in the atmosphere to-day, but when I call to mind a piece of weather we had in 1859 this seems like a good day for a picnic," said Sheriff Warren Ridgway, coming into the Crissman House barroom, where a number of the boys were gathered around the stove, discussing the weather. It was one of the recent cold days, and the thermometer on the front porch registered 20 below.

"I never knew until the next Spring how low the mercury did get that year," continued the Sheriff. "We had a thermometer big enough to keep account of the weather for the whole State. It was three feet long, and had a bulb at the bottom as big as a turnip. We didn't bother with degrees on that thermometer. We always said it was so many inches below or so many inches above zero. The thermometer hung on an apple tree in the garden at our old place on the Lackawack. In the Spring of '59 I was spading up the garden. Under this apple tree I struck a vein of quicksilver. I thought I'd uncovered a mine of the stuff, and says to myself, 'This ends the lumber business.' I calls the old gentleman out and told him I'd struck a quicksilver mine, and that when the company was formed to work it, I would take nothing less than Treasurer of it. He didn't say anything, but he looked at the quicksilver in my hand, then at me, then at the thermometer that hung on the tree. I looked at that, too. The bulb was bursted. Then I understood the situation. The mercury had settled a foot and a half below zero on the thermometer. That wasn't as low as the weather called for, so it pushed the bottom out of the bulb, went down three feet to the ground, and dropped six inches under the surface before it reached the level of the temperature. Don't go up along the Lackawack and talk about the thermometer being 20° below zero, for there are people up there yet who remember our big thermometer and the Winter the mercury went five feet below zero, and they'll laugh at you."

"I've always said that these little thermometers we have nowadays ain't no account," said Billy Watson. "What chance has weather got on a thermometer six or eight inches long anyhow?"

"It don't have no chance at all," said Peacock Brink. "Down t' my house, where ther ain't no th'mometer to bother with the weather, I'll bet it's 15 degrees colder'n 'tis up here."

"Do you remember the Winter that Red Drake was chased by the deer in the Valley woods, and had a narrow escape from denth, all owin' to the cold weather?" asked Pete Ruick. "Cold as it was, Red was hunting. He shot a big deer, and the deer got mad and took after him. Red dropped his gun and made for a tree. It was so cold that the breath from the deer's nostrils froze as it shot out in streams of fog, and before the deer reached Red, two pieces of ice, 15 inches long and two inches thick, stuck from the animal's snout, like the tines of a pitchfork. Just as Red reached the foot of the tree the deer caught him. One of the pieces of ice went on one side of Drake and the other on the other. The tree was just big enough to fit in between the ends of the two prongs of ice and hold the deer fast. There they were. Red couldn't move nor the deer couldn't move. The deer's breath kept on freezing, and Red looked back over his shoulder and saw ice forming all around him. He expected to be frozen to death. By and by, when the circle of ice had grown so tight around him that it was hard for him to breathe, he saw that the deer's nose was being rapidly closed by the forming ice. Here was his only hope. If he could hold out until the breathing of the deer was shut off he might escape, for then the deer would die, and, in falling, break the icy bonds. When the ice had closed around Red so tight that he could only get a breath about a sixteenth of an inch in length kerplunk dropped the deer to the ground, dead from suffocation, and Red was free. On any other day the wound that Red gave the deer would have killed it at once. The ball went clean through the animal; but the holes froze up instantly on each side, and the deer was as sound as ever.

"I guess none o' you fellers ever heerd o' the Winter o' 1776, or you'd keep a leetle mum on the cold weather question," said the Old Settler, who had come down from Wayne County for a little visit. "I've know'd some snortin' old Winters in my time, but my grandfather's experience in the Winter of '76 ruther beats anything o' mine.

"My gran'father were a great hunter an' Injin killer. He fit in the revvlution, all 'long the Del'war valley. The Winter o' '76 was ter'ble cold. Ev'ry thing in these parts was friz up tighter 'n snare drum. On one o' the coldest days my gran'father struck the track o' some Injins on the hills jest above here. He follered 'em an' killed a couple on 'em, an' then started back over the ridge fur his cabin. My gran'father lived to be a hundred year old, an' te his dyin' day he stuck to it that what I'm goin' to tell you were ez true ez preachin', an' I b'lieve it. He started back fur his cabin over the ridge. He hadn't gone fur when he shot a wolf. He hadn't much more 'n fired his ole flint-lock, when he heerd a yell off to the left, an' lookin' that way see a big painter comin' for him. Painters was a picnic for the old man, an' he rammed down a big charge o' powder an' reached fur his bullet pouch, why, lo an behold yet it were gone. He'd lost it somewhar in the woods. Fightin' painters without bullets wan't so much of a picnic. Besides, the ole man had got cold while standin' thar, an' he didn't care to tackle an able bodied painter while his hands hands was all stiff. The painter come a creepin' up with his fangs a showin' an' his jaws redder'n a round o' beef an' his tail a switchin' like a cow's in fly time. Cold ez it were, my gran'father said the sweat started out on his forrid an' rolled down his cheeks bigger'n hoss ches'nuts. They dropped on the ground in big balls, fur they friz ez fast ez they fell. They piled up at his feet, an' the painter kep' a creepin' up. Suddintly an idee bit my gran'father plumb in the top knot. He grabbed up a han'ful o' the sweat ez were friz in balls an' poured 'em in his muskit.

"'If I kin git these in on that painter fore they melt,' he thinks to hisself, 'mebbe they'll settle his hash.'

"After crammin' the sweat o' his brow in the muskit, my gran'father blazed away. But the heat o' the gun bar'l had melted the ice balls, an' they went out'n the gun like a stream o' water out'n a hose. But the cold weather wan't foolin' round there for nothin', an' fore the stream o' water had gone three foot it was friz inter a solid chunk, an' went kerplinkity inter the painter's skull. But my gran'father said he owed his life to natur arter all, fur the charge o' ice never would a made the painter give up the ghost, an' it never would had no effect on him at all only there wan't force 'nough to drive it clean through his head. That saved my gran father from a chawin'. The chunk o' ice stopped in the skull. The animal heat melted it, an' fore the painter could recooperate an' git his work in on the old man he died o' water on the brain. I was allus sorry my gran'father didn't have that painter stuffed an' handed down in the family," continued the old settler, as he adjourned with the boys for refreshments.

The Peach Crop.

Norr. Herald.

At a convention of Delaware peach-growers, last week, a resolution was introduced declaring that the peach crop of 1881 is ruined. After considerable discussion the resolution was adopted by a vote of 35 to 19. Those who oppose the the measure snould have refused to go into a caucus, and bolted the convention.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Is made from a Simple Tropical Leaf of Rare Value, and is a

POSITIVE REMEDY

for all the diseases that cause pains in the lower part of the body—for

Torpid Liver, Headache, Jaundice, Dizziness, Gravel, Malaria,

And all difficulties of the

Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs.

For

FEMALE DISEASES,

Monthly Menstruations and during Pregnancy, it has no equal. It restores the organs that make the blood, and hence is the best **Blood Purifier.** It is the only known remedy that cures Bright's Disease. For Diabetes, use **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**

For sale by Druggists and all Dealers at $1.25 per bottle. Largest bottles in the market. Try it.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

SILLY RELIC WORSHIP.

Former High Prices for Personal Relics of Great Men—Newton's Tooth and Napoleon's Hat.

London Standard.

The low prices which personal relics bring nowadays, compared with what we cheerfully paid for them 40 or 50 years ago, is, we think, a sign that public taste is improving. For instance, a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in 1816 for the sum of £730. Doubtless this is small compared with the £50,000 which the King of Pegu offered the Portugese as the ransom of Buddha's tooth, now in the Temple of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. But the one bit of dentine is of much the same value as the other, for though an Owen can reproduce a mastodon or a magatherium from a single tooth, the most learned amateur, would fail to discover anything to distinguish a molar of the author of the "Principia" from that extracted from the jaw of the veriest clodhopper that ever ate bacon. The hat worn by Napoleon I. at the battle of Eylau was sold in 1835 for 1,920f., though at a recent sale numerous relics of the Emperor brought mere trifles. The ivory arm chair presented to Gustavus Adolphus by the obsequious city of Lubeck was sold in 1825 for 58,000 florins, while the coat worn by Charles XII. at the battle of Pultowa fetched at a sale in the same year the enormous sum of 561,000f. The two pens employed in signing the treaty of Amiens were also disposed of in that year of unwisdom for £500. A wig belonging to Sterne brought 200 guineas, though one which had formerly covered the head of Kant was not assessed by his countrymen at more than the same number of francs. Voltaire's cane realized at an auction 500f., a waistcoat belonging to Rousseau 950f., and his pinchbeck watch nearly half as much. The Parisian caricaturist, it is true, still represents the Englishman chipping the Parthenon or whittling the bark of the tree under which some famous person sat, or upon which some infamous one was hanged. But such an Englishman is now a relic-hunter of a very humble order. Even the little cabinets of locks of hair, which were at one time so fashionable, seem to have disappeared, and with the exception of the Ashmolean, and a few other Old World collections, public museums are rapidly getting rid of much of the rubbish which once incumbered them. The over-zealous collectors began to find that "curiosities," like antiquities generally, were apt to multiply in an exact ratio to the elasticity of public credulity. The Americans discovered four years ago that "Gen. Washington's chair" seemed to have acquired the property of reproducing other chairs after its own likeness; and since her Majesty has presented to the President of the United States a cabinet made out of the planks of the "Resolute" we may expect to find furniture from that vessel becoming suspiciously plentiful. There are snuff-boxes of the 'Royal George's" timbers numerous enough to build a squadron. The inmates of two rival French monasteries used to exhibit, the one the skull of John the Baptist, "when he was a boy," the other his cranium after he had become a man. The effrontery of the modern relic maker is scarcely less heroic, and it has had one good result. It has acted as an antidote to silly relic-worship.

SEN. SHARON.

The Pit That Over-Confidence Dropt Him Into.

Nevada Appeal.

When Congressman Daggett was in Candelaria he told a good story on Sen. Sharon. Sharon has been a great reader in his time, and when he had several drinks in his neck, as is sometimes the case, he is somewhat arrogant as to his knowledge of poetry and history. One day he was invited to Boston to attend a grand banquet given in honor of the poet Longfellow by a lot of literary sharps. Sharon was, of course, introduced to all the guests, and equally, of course, he immediately forgot all the names. Finally the company was seated, Sharon's left hand neighbor being a quiet little gentleman of unobtrusive manners. The wine was unusually fine, and Nevada's California Senator was soon in conversation with those around him. One of his statements in regard to a historical occurrence called forth a mild objection from his left hand neighbor. "I can assure you, sir, that I am dead posted on that point," sharply responded the honorable Senator, who was somewhat nettled at having his historical accuracy questioned. The quiet gentleman did not reply. He was vanquished. Sharon was naturally proud of his victory, and after the company had left the table he sought the host to find the name of his conquered opponent. "Do you mean that gentleman leaning against the mantelpiece?" "Yes." "That's Bancroft, the historian." Nevada's California Senator had the grace to order his carriage.

A Freak of the Frost.

Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

A striking illustration of the force exerted by water in the act of freezing may be seen in St. Lawrence Cemetery. The Werner monument, which stands near the entrance, rests upon a heavy iron slab, which in turn is supported by several large spherical iron globes, about eight inches in diameter and about a half inch thick. These hollow iron balls have small openings at the top, and during the rain which preceded the very cold spell one of them became filled with water. The water then froze in the ball, and in so doing burst it in two and threw the fragments several yards off into one of the paths. A solid ball of ice which fell out of the globe when it burst was found near one of the fragments.

Chicago French.

Chicago Journal.

Chicago audiences are not very strong on French, but when they hear the word Chicago they feel perfectly at home. It was a relief to the people at McVicker's last evening when Clarkson, the American in the play, uttered the word. It is the green spot in the memory of those who sat through "L'Etrangere," and it is a pity some persons left before the third act, in which the word occurred. How the house did come down to be sure when the familiar word was pronounced.

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Circulation this Week, 75,000

NASBY IN EUROPE.

Early in April next Mr. D. R. Locke (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) sails for Europe, to make a tour six months in duration in those countries. He will communicate his impressions in his own peculiarly humorous way of what he sees there in a series of letters to the Blade, which will appear from week to week during his absence. It can be confidently promised that these will prove an attraction that cannot help producing a sensation equaling any effort of our reverend contributor in the past. To have Europe, its institutions, armies, politics, rulers, manners and customs, modes of life, and kinds of drinks viewed through Nasby's eyes, and tested by that philosopher's standards of measurement, can not help being by far the most fascinating reading that any one will or can offer to the reading public this year. As heretofore, Mr. Nasby will only write for the Blade.

The oldest of all the Cardinals of the Roman Church is Catterini. He is 85 years of age, and has been a Cardinal for 27 years.

The late E. A. Sothern is said to have earned an annual income of $150,000, and it is added that he spent his money almost as rapidly as he made it.

Lord Lytton, who has recently made his first speech in the House of Lords, is reported to be "stagey" in his manner. He spoke well, but had too much an air of being gotten up for the occasion.

Aren't we going to have a monument to that California girl who "got the drop" on the fellow who was going to kill her because she would not marry him? She ought to be held up as a glorious model to her sisters.

Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, is mentioned as the largest farm owner in the world. He has more than 400 farms in New York, Illinois and Michigan. Although past his 70th birthday, Mr. Sibley is still absorbed in business.

Miss Gardiner, a land owner in County Mayo, is now undergoing the Boycotting process, and the Grand Orange Lodge has been obliged to forward a party of men to assist her in her trouble. She has been an object of the hatred of her tenantry for a long time.

The New York *Herald*, which claims to be so weather wise, says that the climax of cold weather has past, and that while it is possible there may be some very cold weather in February it will not last long, and Spring will send bright promises of her coming by frequent sunny days. This is a consolation these dark weeks.

Major Iloes, commanding the United States troops at Poplar Creek Agency, reports that the Canadian authorities will surrender Sitting Bull if the demand is made by a United States representative. It is evident that the days of glory of that great chieftain are over. Time was when he was a terror to the whole Western country, but things have changed.

Linda Gilbert favors the adoption of the whipping post, but wants it especially "applied to the vendor of liquor rather than the poor wretched victims of its maddening potency." Miss Gilbert's exceptional experience with regard to prisoners does not seem to have given her very correct insight into their natures. The brute who deserves a whipping at the post is invariably one who would deserve it whether filled with liquor or not. Drunkenness is a very flimsy excuse for the brutalities of naturally depraved rascals.

The Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York inclines to the belief that Jesus Christ taught neither in Hebrew or Greek, as is generally supposed, but in Armaic or Chaldaic, with possibly an admixture of ancient Irish. They support this view by the fact, pointed out by several eminent scholars, that Jesus went into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon and met a Syro-Phœnician woman, and they held conversation, in which each thoroughly understood the other. If, therefore, the Irish, as claimed, are of Phœnician descent, the old Celtic tongue may have been at least a dialect of that in which the Savior talked and taught

CORPORATE INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad, has recently written a letter upon railway matters which compares well with the past record of the management, and its evident resolve to carry everything with a high hand. Their theory has always seemed to be that the people have no rights which the company is bound to respect, when they interfere with the money making projects of the officers and owners. While the Central Pacific has done much for the development of the resources of the Pacific coast, it has been tyrannical and overbearing to the last extent, and having the power, it has crushed out or gobbled up all the short roads in California.

Mr. Stanford takes the ground that a railroad is private property owned by "joint partnerships of private individuals," and that, therefore, the Government has no right whatever to regulate its traffic or interfere with its arrangements. He quotes the Declaration of Independence in order to prop up his position, that the Central Railway has the same right as an individual to "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness." How far this is to extend is to be decided by the officers of the Company, and the thousands of people who are at their mercy have no appeal, since that would be a hindrance to their "pursuit of happiness."

Mr. Stanford's broad idea of liberty will probably not be shared by the great majority who are not directly interested in the earnings of the Central Pacific Railroad. Carried out to its legitimate conclusion, the assumption that it is subject to on regulations except such as are made by the Company, and it can become a nuisance instead of an accommodation for which the public is willing to pay a reasonable compensation. But that it may impose upon that public to any extent whatever without limitation or restriction, as Mr. Stanford claims by inference, is as absurd as to say that any restriction of crime is an interference with the right of the individual to a pursuit of happiness.

There was never yet a man, or a body of men to whom unlimited power could safely be given, and there was never a time when laws were not needed in regard to the acquiring and holding of property. Otherwise the rankest injustice would be done, the greatest wholesale robberies committed. Mr. Stanford's whole letter shows what their course for years has borne out—that the magnates of the Central Pacific Road do not wish the plainest principles of right applied to it, if they should clash with their own purposes.

Of course, this feeling of corporation exemption from restriction has received a severe shock by the Government stoppage of the three per cent. dividend lately declared by the Central Pacific Company. In justice it could not be paid, since if the interest of its debt and the Government bonds loaned to it was discharged, there would be nothing left to divide. Of course, Mr. Stanford considers this step, taken to prevent what is in reality a fraud, an interference with the "liberty and pursuit of happiness" of this corporate body. It is time that the Central Pacific Company should learn that it is not sovereign and potential in every respect, although its past would seem to show that it has been supreme upon the Pacific Coast.

"I TOLD YOU SO."

Some people delight in being miserable. They are always looking out for clouds, and if they cannot see one in the horizon, they will mount the highest point near them to discover the little wisp that may be resting low down there. They belong to the "I told you so" class, and there are none more disagreeable. It is bad enough to be overtaken by some evil in consequence of persisting in a doubtfully expedient course, without hearing that sentence uttered with a triumphant inflection that comes from asserted superior knowledge.

It is a dreadful disappointment to these doleful ones when their dismal prophecies fail—as fail they do sometimes. It might be thought that a loving charity toward mankind would render them some happiness, even though their prescience was thus disproved, but it is not the case.

This year has been set apart as one of direful evil to the world. Floods, fires, and disasters of all kinds are to be hurled upon the nations of the earth and finally the globe itself is to pass away in smoke and utter confusion. To carry out this prophesy, ages old, a great body is said to be somewhere in the universe careering madly towards the sun, into whose embrace, without regard for the dire consequences, it will hurl itself, and the result will be a heat greater than that of the Inferno, which will destroy all living creatures, and the earth itself, according to some "prophets of evil," but according to others, leaving that to move on in its accustomed round, unpeopled except by the few poor creatures who have the wisdom to hie them away to the Poles ere the mighty crash takes place.

Now we do not want to be classed with the chronic unbelievers. If the world is to be knocked into pi by this careering, careless comet rushing so unceremoniously into the sun's embraces, we are willing to take our chances with the rest. But it is a kind of a pleasure to be able to take "the wind out of the sails" of the croakers by the announcement that Prof. Hall, of scientific reputation, declares that altho' the comet of 1812 is to return this year, the chances are infinitesimal that it will either tumble into the sun or strike the earth, and if it does, it will not probably produce any visible effect upon the home of mortals.

This decision is unfortunate for the lugubrious class of people. It would have been so delightful to think about the calamities coming, and how glorious, though flying off into space themselves, to be able to shout to a shooting neighbor, "I told you so."

"STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

The greatest bargain we ever offered is the above $3.00 book for $1.25. We send it postpaid by mail. Or we send the Blade one year and a copy of the book, both postpaid, for $2.50. It is having a remarkable sale, and as we are the publishers of the book, it cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. Those wishing copies of this book must order very soon, as the stock is almost gone. It is a beautiful book of over 600 pages, illustrated by Nast, with an introduction by Chas. Sumner. It is a complete collection of the Nasby letters from the beginning of the War to the ratification of the 15th amendment, and has never been sold for less than $3.00.

FRAUDS IN PALESTINE.

The world is full of superstitions, many of them old and threadbare, and yet people cling to them with a tenacity that is astonishing when it is considered that they really amount to nothing except to strengthen belief in what is of little moment. The reverence which is felt for sacred relics, as they are called, does sometimes, no doubt, have an influence for good in that it keeps alive a belief in the truth of Bible history and the reality of Christian doctrines.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* shows how this reverence may be abused. Travelers in the Holy Land go there usually through a desire to see the places made sacred to them by their connection with Christ's life and death. Within the last few years travel has everywhere increased, and what was once a great undertaking is now thought little of. As a consequence, this journey,—a life dream usually of Christian ministers and those particularly interested in Christian work,—is becoming more and more common, and is made a great source of profit by the priesthood all over Palestine. The writer says:

The priesthood, who control all localities of interest in the Holy Land, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and many other places conspicuous in the life of Christ have taken possession of them, and churches are built over every reputed locality of renown, ostensibly for places of worship, but really to make them exclusive except to those who pay for the privilege of seeing. So avaricious have they become that, in some instances, two different religious sects have built in separate localities, each claiming to cover the one spot sought after. With a view of making the attraction greater and the spot more sacred, in addition to the main object of interest the usual number of sideshows are attached to each and every one. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, claiming to cover the spot of the Crucifixion, not only contains the Savior's tomb, but under the same roof, in different parts of the building are conveniently grouped together the tomb of Adam, a scroll-circle which is the center of the earth, the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimethea, and the Pillar of Flaggellation—which last is boxed up and kept out of sight, but the curious are permitted to poke a stick through a small aperture, and, when it hits against something—that's it. The rock which was rent at the time of the Crucifixion is also securely hid from view, except as, by peering through a small aperture in a marble slab, a portion of a rock, with a seam in it, can be seen.

It does not seem as if intelligent people could be so deceived, and yet so great is the desire to do reverence to anything and everything that may possibly have been connected with the Savior that the worst frauds and the most apparent deceptions are accepted by persons who ought to have their wits about them and to have known better. Think of the absurdity of the following:

The place where many stood during the anointment is likewise shown; also, the spot where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene; also, the spot where, many generations after the crucifixion, was found, by excavating to a great depth, the three crosses, being one for Christ and one for each of the two thieves. This was a rare find, but the quandary was to determine which was the real cross of the Savior. This difficulty was, however, quickly and satisfactorily disposed of. What priest would get cornered on a matter so simple? A cross was taken to the bedside of a very sick woman, who promptly swooned at sight of it. Another was brought, at sight of which she went into convulsions. Finally, just as she was about to expire, the third and last cross was brought when she immediately recovered. This last one is now in many places; while there are enough nails from it scattered about among the faithful to build a woodshed.

The writer says that there is no end to the deceptions practiced upon sight seers. Let any one inquire for something of which no one has thought before, and the grass is not allowed to grow under their feet before the matter is fixed up in readiness for the next traveler. Then it is shown with the utmost solemnity of countenance, and with apparently no shadow of shame at the bare-faced imposture.

Indeed it seems to be generally understood that anything which will bring money to the faithful need not wound the conscience.

There seems to be a lively competition between Mahometans, Latins, Armenians and Copts to see which can outdo the other in absurdities. This rule holds good throughout Palestine, from Dan to Beersheba. In fact, the traveler is seldom out of sight of some locality made famous by the visit of God, Angels or the Devil, in person. On the "Via Dolorosa," in Jerusalem, we are shown a hollow in a rock which is imbedded in the wall of a building, about six feet from the ground, and told that it was made by the hand of Jesus, Who reached out to steady Himself while bearing His cross. As it is an admitted fact that the present street is in this place at least 50 feet above that on which Jesus walked, and as the indenture in the said rock is poorly carved, we may class this as among the canards.

It does not seem possible that intelligent people, those who in other matters requiring a common sense judgment would not be found wanting, could be so deceived. Here is another patent fraud described:

At Nablous or Shechem we are shown the old and original Pentateuch, which is the first four books of Moses as written by himself, and said to be 3,000 years old. A glance at this manuscript is sufficient to prove the falsity of this story, as the parchment on which it is written is new and clean, and the writing has evidently been done by some professor of penmanship. On investigation, we learn from Mr. Cary, an English missionary who has been a resident of this place for more than 20 years, that the priesthood who control this show have admitted to him that the manuscript shown is not over 700 years old, but, at the same time, by some method of figuring known only to themselves, they claim that it is the original Pentateuch. The traveler, therefore, who takes the trouble to visit this exhibit, has lost just that much time, as, on their own evidence, they fail to show what is promised.

There is a great deal of interest connected with the Holy Land, but that it will pay for the long, weary journey to see it, for the risk to health, for the entire lack of comfort both going and after arriving there, the correspondent does not believe. The scarcity of water compels rapid movement. No matter what the circumstances, or how great the fatigue, there can be no resting except at stated times prescribed by the watering places. Besides this discomfort, every little village and even the Holy City itself, is a centering of filth and consequently of disease. The writer says:

Such loathsome creatures as are a majority of the population I believe it is impossible to find elsewhere in the world. As a natural consequence of inhaling the vile odors referred to, together with the malaria incident to the country, sickness may confidently be relied upon. The party of which the writer during this experience composed a unit, consisted of 21 persons, out of whom 16 were prostrated to a greater or less extent by the malarial fever, and I believe that fatal results were obviated only by reason of the presence, as one of the party, of a skillful physician, who was constantly in demand.

There is no doubt but that a great many people impelled thither by their reverence for sacred things, imperil their life and health only to put money into the hands of an ignorant priesthood, which encourages them to carry on their vile deceptions. Looked at with the veil of superstition torn away and there is little there to strengthen religious belief, little which ought to be a satisfaction to see. The ground is there—the mountains and the valleys—but the relics are a wholesale deception which ought to be exposed, and put down by a refusal of travelers to be so imposed upon.

Illinois will suppress pool selling, too

MORAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

The matter of industrial education in our public schools has been talked about more or less for some time by teachers and others who saw that there was yet something lacking to complete the excellence of the educational system of the United States. There is too abrupt and decided a division between the work of the school-room and that of the every-day life into which the boy or girl enters when they leave the former. They have not enough points in common to make the one a fitting complement of the other, and it is to remedy this that many thoughtful persons are now directing their thought and energy.

Mrs. Matilda Fletcher, an earnest, enthusiastic woman thoroughly permeated with the idea of educational reform, is now urging it upon the Legislature of Minnesota. Her views are, many of them, eminently practical and worthy of attention. They have already been brought before the public by the presentation of two bills to the Senate and House Committees, the one to introduce moral and social science into the public schools of the District of Columbia, and the other to bring into them industrial expositions. These bills which received the support of Sen. Burnside, called forth more or less good natured sarcasm, especially the moral science part. Yet for all that, it is true that there are very many of the best part in every community, who feel that there is a woful lack of moral culture in our schools, and it is to supply this that so many denominational schools are established.

It is a recognized fact that continued dropping wears away stone. While religious dogmas should never be broached in the school room, moral teachings are not out of place, and a frequent repetition of stories illustrating the beauty of a life regulated by a due regard for the moral and social virtues, would do much towards building up admirable character in children. With the mind turned often to an interested contemplation of the good, there is, at least, a strong probability of growth in that direction. Mrs. Fletcher is right in laying a strong emphasis upon the desirability, or more, the necessity of such culture. Whether her plan is the best that could be devised, because the most practical, remains to be seen.

That children ought to be taught industrial pursuits seems so evident as not to require argument. Could they receive a training which would give their work upon leaving school some money value, their education would do far more for them than it does at present. It is urged that there is not time enough now to acquire thoroughly all that is contained in the curriculum of the common schools. Then let something of less practical worth be dispensed with. The public schools are for the masses, to whom it is far more important to receive intelligent teaching in some industry which will help to secure his bread and butter for the future, than to learn how to conjugate French, German or Latin verbs. Higher education is important, but if that or industrial training must be omitted, give to the youth the latter.

A COMMON MISPRONUNCIATION.

"There goes Parnell, the Irish agitator!" observed a gentleman on the seat before me, in a railroad car. "Parnell, is it?" replied his companion. "That is Mr. Parnell," whispered the lady behind me to her daughter. "Mr. Parnell. Ah!" Now here were four persons, educated people evidently, who in the course of two minutes mispronounced a plain English name. It is always annoying to hear the accent misplaced on a name, whether local or personal. We Americans seem to have taken a fancy for throwing the accent in family names on the last syllable, if possible, in defiance of all sound rules of good sense or good taste. These two qualities, by the bye, are very closely allied. You can never have good taste without good sense as the foundation. False taste is inevitably absurd. Now this common mispronunciation of names ending in *ell* has neither good sense nor good taste in its favor. It is opposed to the spirit of our mother tongue. Last year I had a nephew in love with a charming girl, Miss Brownell; of course she was Lily Brownell to her lover. For three months I heard Tom mispronounce her name, or that of her family, a dozen times a day. A few months, later, as ill luck would have it, his sister was courted by Henry Bedell, pronounced Bedell of course. Now Brownell and Bedell are good English names, and should have a good English pronunciation. Bedell is no doubt the same as Beadle. Many English names ending in *ell* were originally connected with the common nouns *well* or *wall*. The Governor of the State of New York to-day is Gov. Cornell. The University in Western New York is Cornell University. We have known a Judge Hubbell. Liddell and Waddell are instances of the same fancy. Littell's Magazine travel's over half the country. But the propensity to throw the accent on the last syllable is not confined to names ending in *ell*. Barnard is frequently pronounced Barnard, Tricketts becomes Trickétts, Gen. Steuben is Gen. Steuben, in spite of his German birth. That distinguished gentleman, the present Secretary of State, is spoken of, in rustic parlance, as Mr. E-*varts*. Not long since we were shown a collection of the famous caricatures of Ho-*garth*! A year or two since we were introduced—with a flourish—"to an Assemblyman from a Western State," the Honorable Mr. Hub-*bard*.

O shade of old Mother Hubbard!—*February Atlantic.*

There is a shade—and only a shade of common sense in this. Unquestionably, there is some silly affectation in the way of accenting certain names on the last syllable, but even this is preferable to the unpleasant slurring over those syllables, that we have copied from English slovenliness in pronunciation. Thus, though it may have a tinge of affectation to say Parn*ell*, Bed*ell*, Brown*ell*, Corn*ell*, etc., it is infinitely more agreeable to the ear than the slovenliness of saying *Parn*-ull, *Bede*-ull, *Brown*-ull, *Corn*-ull, etc.

There is one great point which these critics, who are in the perpetual shadow of English habits and practices, overlook. That is the controlling influence that printed forms of words have upon American pronunciation. We are the greatest readers in the world, and the majority of our ideas are obtained through print. Thus, for example each of the "four educated people" whom the writer heard speak the name of the great Irish Land League had seen it in print 500 times to where they heard it spoken once. Naturally when they came to speak it they gave it the sound usually given the letters comprising it. They called him Parn *ell* because that was the way his name was spelled, just the same as they would have said Parn*all*, Parn *ale*, Parn *ill*, Parn-*ole*, etc., according to the terminal letters, while the writer would have these distinctions slurred over in the slovenly short sound of *u*, which careless and ignorant English have done so much to make the principal vowel sound of the language. It is the least agreeable of the vowel sounds, and there is no reason except those of a dull ear and a thick tongue why it should be allowed to usurp the place rightfully belonging to more acceptable sounds.

So, despite our critic's pain and disgust, we must say that we prefer even the over-precise Hub-*bard*, to the slurring pronunciation commonly in use.

SORGHUM GROWING IN KANSAS.

Every little while people are surprised to learn that something which they had imagined to belong to some favored portion of the earth can be raised profitably in localities unthought of until recently in that connection. For the last five or six years experiments in sorghum growing in the States of Minnesota, Illinois and Kansas have been made and, according to Commissioner Le Duc, proved entirely successful. Especially is this true of Kansas, and the result is the more gratifying when it is understood that the part of that State where, owing to the long drouths, other crops are uncertain, this will rarely fail. If there is only one good rain after the seed is sown, success is assured. Then, too, it has been discovered that grasshoppers, the curse of that Western land, will not touch sorghum if they can find anything else to feast upon. As a proof that its desirableness as a crop is becoming to be well understood the acreage and value of what was raised in 1880 was considerably greater than any previous year.

This discovery will go far towards allaying the growing discontent of farmers in some portions of Kansas. The impossibility of making any definite calculations upon corn and wheat, has rendered it necessary for those to whom a failure in crops for one year means starvation, to look around them for something that will make a certain return for their labor, with which to supply the necessities of their families.

The following reasons are given by a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* as deduced from the arguments of a leading sugar grower and maker in Kansas for believing that this will eventually render Kansas, and indeed the Great American Desert, the great center of sugar industry:

1. The cane can be grown in any season, even in a year of extreme drouth.
2. It can be matured in 95 days from the time of planting—the earliest varieties ripening about Aug. 10; and by regulating the time in planting, the cane can be ripened as fast as required, up to the end of November.
3. Sugar can be made from the cane from Aug. 10 to Nov. 15. Sirup can generally be made from the cane for a week or two after the frost has spoiled it for granulating. This is the longest season yet found in any part of the United States for working ripe cane.
4. Owing to the higher attitude and drier atmosphere the cane is richer in saccharine matter, and the juice of a better quality, than that produced in the Mississippi Valley.
5. In consequence of the longer season, richer cane, the fine climate for drying the crushed cane to use for fuel, together with the certainty of the crop, sugar can be manufactured cheaper in Southwestern Kansas than in any locality east of the Missouri River.
6. The cost of production is very light, and it will give to the farmer a net revenue of $2.50 per ton, or $25 per acre, based on the light average yield of 10 tons of cane per acre.

Of course the raising of the sorghum necessitates the building of factories for the manufacture of the sugar, but that must follow the conviction growing stronger every day of the value of the crop. It can now be made without any of the sorghum taste so much disliked, and as fine as the best manufactured in Louisiana.

Mr. Le Duc further says of it:

It can be manufactured in quantities sufficient to meet any demand likely to occur, at a remunerative rate even if the price should fall one-third below what it now is; and that the farmer, as well as the largest planter, can profitably engage in its production, and this is in no limited area of country, but in whatever place maize can be grown successfully, for there sorghum of some variety will grow, and it will flourish and mature its juice and seed in much of our soil in which maize is by no means a certain crop."

This opinion coming from one every way competent to judge, cannot but be regarded as conclusive so far as sorgham raising is concerned, and gives probability to the assertion which has been made that it will become one of the great industries of the United States.

LAND OFFICE FEES.

To the Editor of the Blade:

I see a great many inquiries in regard to homesteads. I wish to say that I was a soldier, and served three years. I have been on my place nearly seven years; have paid to the Land Office, in entry and final proof, $40, and they still claim $15. Now, I want to know what I am to do in this case. Shall I pay the $15, or do you think I could get a patent any other way? I think I have been imposed upon. I will further say that my residence has been continuous. I tried to prove up after I had been on my place two years less one day, and the Land Agent objected, because I had my two brothers along. Said it was a family concern.

You must recollect that it is hard to bear when a man is poor and pays out $15 or $20 and be put off in that manner. I don't want something for nothing, but the Government wants me to pay for the land in full they ought to say so. Yours with respects, James S. Ferrier.

Little Falls, Davis Co., Washington Ter.

We can not understand where your Land Agent gets any right to make the charge you mention. The Circular of the General Land Office gives the following tariff of charges for lands on the Pacific coast:

Acres.	Price per acre.	Commissions. Payable when entry is made.	Commissions. Payable whence certificate issues.	Fees. Payable when entry is made.	Total of fee and commission
160	$2 50	$12 00	$12 00	$10 00	$34 00
80	2 50	6 00	6 00	5 00	17 00
40	2 50	3 00	3 00	5 00	11 00
160	1 25	6 00	6 00	10 00	22 00
80	1 25	3 00	3 00	5 00	11 00
40	1 25	1 50	1 50	5 00	8 00

It would appear from this that you are already overcharged. Send us your Land Agent's name, with a statement of the facts, or send the same to the General Land Office at Washington.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

We have left only a limited number of the following standard fast-selling books, which are going very rapidly at the very low prices offered. "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations," $1.25; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $2.50; "Wandering Jew," $1.50; "Charles O'Malley," $1.50; "Kendall's Horse Book," 25 cents; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 75 cents, "Swiss Family Robinson," 75 cents; "War Tiger and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Struggles of Nasby," $1.25; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 75 cents. Order soon, or the opportunity will be lost.

It is recommended by the President of the American Public Health Association that the Health Officer of every City shall have in his possession a brief description, from a sanitary point of view, of every premises in the City, and a person buying or renting a dwelling-house ought to be able, on the payment of a small fee, to obtain a certified copy of the sanitary history of the house he proposes to occupy, in connection with sewers, the number and cases of death which have occurred therein, or in the locality in which it is situated, etc., etc., just as much as he is able to obtain a record of the title. This is a most excellent idea, and ought to be carried out in every place in the United States.

THE FIGHTING BOERS.

The trouble at the Cape has drawn the attention of the world to the handful of people who have challenged the power of Great Britain's strong arm to overcome them. At present the British are moving troops rapidly to South Africa and the Boers will be likely to find that they have undertaken an almost hopeless struggle.

As long ago as 1721 these people established a factory at Natal and this became a nucleus of quite a flourishing colony. Little is heard of it, however, until in 1820, a Zulu chief, Chaka, invaded it, took Natal, devasted the surrounding districts, and slew many of the inhabitants. A few years later, an English adventurer landed at Natal and was received by Chaka with pleasure and allowed to settle there. Among his followers was one to whom the Zulu King took a great fancy, and to whom he made grants of a large extent of land. A few years after, more Englishmen came, but the Home Government would not accept Natal as a British Colony. In 1835-6 the Dutch Boers in Cape Colony resolved against British rule, and 6,000 of them fought their way through to Natal, where they established themselves, and in 1839 hoisted the flag of the Dutch Republic. Then England concluded she did want Natal, and sent a magistrate to administer affairs. He was repudiated by the Boers and their English allies, and troops were ordered from the mother country to compel Natal to be made a British colony.

Then the Boers went to Transvaal. Here they seemed to degenerate into thieves and cutthroats. Upon the slightest pretext or without any at all, they seized the lands of the Zulus, made slaves of the fugitive natives, and killed them without provocation. Finally they aroused the hatred of the natives to such an extent that a formidable war was the result, which resulted disastrously to the Boers. The condition of the Republic became chaotic and the British Government, at the suggestion of the Cape authorities, sent Sir Theophilus Shepstone to restore order. He found utter disorganization, and suggested confederation with the other British Colonies. Finally, as the Volksrand did not decide the matter, Shepstone decided it for them, and annexed the Transvaal.

The Boers protested against this action and have continued to do so ever since. They declare that faith was not kept with them in any way, even had they consented, for they were promised that the Transvaal should be self-governing, regulating its own internal affairs, and paying only a nominal obedience to the crown, whereas, it is in reality governed as a Crown colony, the officials being English, and no attention paid to the wishes of the people.

It is not to be denied but that the Boers have cause for complaint, and the desperate fight they are now making for their freedom must arouse sympathy. No doubt it would be better for the country if matters could have been left as they were, for a not very flattering account of this people from different persons would lead us to believe that they were not fit for self-government, but yet they are fighting for a freedom wrested from them, and they seem determined to carry it to the bitter end.

Meanwhile, it is distinctly understood that the British Government will put down this revolt at any and every cost, and then the future of the Transvaal may be considered. A London correspondent of the New York *Times* says of the matter:

Mr. Gladstone, it is said, would like to give them back to Transvaal if it were possible; but it must not be forgotten that when the Queen's Commissioner took it over the Boers were utterly demoralized. They had sustained severe defeats at the hands of the natives, and their power to maintain peace and order and to protect themselves was played out. It would have been better, no doubt, if the British had restored order for them; instead of annexation had simply taken the guarantees of settled and fixed boundaries for their future peace and that of their neighbors. The one trouble in connection with the Boers is their perpetual land quarrels with the natives. Their initiation of a policy of deception and land-stealing was largely the cause of the Zulu war. As a rule, perhaps, they are not much worse than whites who try to live near blacks, but, on the whole, their history makes them seem a little worse, anyhow. Dr. Livingstone says they are cowards. We shall soon see whether they are or not, for it will not be long before they will meet the British troops and colonial forces in the open. In the meantime they have provided the English Parliament with another knotty problem besides that of the "Irish question."

TO BLADE AGENTS.

Never in the history of the Blade have our agents found it so easy to raise clubs for the Blade. Most agents have sent a half dozen clubs, and are still at work. There as yet a few places where there seems to be no active agent for the Blade, and in such cases we wish any subscriber would take hold of the matter. Send for posters, specimens, and our confidential terms to agents. We allow a very large commission.

The City of Mexico is remarkable for the beauty of its situation and surrounding, and its climate is so equable that the same clothing lasts the year around. This is very delightful to think of, but when it is understood that the average of life there is only 26.4 years, that the death rate is 53 per 1,000 persons, that to become acclamatized strangers have to go through the greatest perils from sickness, a residence there does not wear so seductive an appearance. It is possible that sanitary conditions might be improved there.

Mr. Gerald Paget, fourth son of Lord Alfred Paget, has been hunting with his wife in Wyoming and Montana Territories. The cold has been intense in that region. One night they slept in an open tent with the thermometer at 29° below zero, and the wolves howling around them. Mr. Paget had fur bags six feet in length made for sleeping in. He and his wife each wore four pairs of woollen socks with moccasins over them, and fur shoes over all.

The Boston *Transcript* hints at a time coming when it will be necessary to make a law that patents shall "become void after a certain time unless the article patented is manufactured and sold or leased so that the public, which gives the protection may have the benefit." The necessity comes from the practice of corporations of buying up patents which would injuriously affect their interests, and then suppressing them.

NEW BOOK CATALOG.

The Blade will send a full catalog of their cheap books to any applicant! Remember the cheap books announced are to close out stock. After the present supply is exhausted the opportunity is gone.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Bernhardt captured St. Louis last week, all the fashionable ladies of the burg, headed by the wives of the Governor and the Mayor, attending her art reception. This week the fair Sara is in Cincinnati.——C. C. Fulton, of Baltimore, has been sued for damages for saying a house was haunted.——Mrs. Catherine Crane, a New York boarding-house keeper, did it like one of her boarders, a printer named Lindwarm, and ejected him, whereupon he returned and killed the venturesome landlady.——Gen. Clingman, of North Carolina, says living is so cheap in that State that it is more economical to feed a man than to bury him.——Sitting Bull has been composing a pretty piece for the piano. Sec. Schurz expects to bring it before the public in a few days.——A man was arrested in New York, the other day, with a coffin under his arm, which he was trying to sell for 10 cents. The man wanted two biers worse than one coffin.——Prof. Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y., who makes a business of collecting and arranging natural history specimens, started last week for Australia via Hong Kong.——Two young men of Wyanet, Ill., went sleigh riding with their girls. They took a flask of whiskey along with them, and then indulged in the sport of shooting their revolvers into the air. When found the next morning one of the girls was dead, the other badly wounded and severely frozen and both the young men were nearly frozen to death.——At the request of Gen. Garfield, Pres. Hayes has nominated Major D. G. Swain, Garfield's Private Secretary, Judge Advocate General of the Army.——During the latter part of last week the ice and snow caused blockades in the streets of New York, so that the daily loss to shippers and merchants was over $100,000.——A French farmer named Antoine Valrain, living near Assumption, Ill., quarreled with his wife and threatened to shoot her. She dared him to do it, and picking up a gun he shot the top of her head clear off.——A heavy shock of earthquake was felt near Montgomery, N. Y., Tuesday.——Prince Frederick, uncle of the King of Holland, in his capacity as Grand Master of the Dutch Freemasons, has sent a petition to Queen Victoria praying for the independence of the Boers of South Africa.——The unveiling of the monument at Spartanburg, S. C., commemorative of the battle of Cowpens, fought January 17, 1781, will take place on the 11th of May. The statue of General Daniel Morgan will surmount the column.——A farmer near New London, Ont., declares that the original Charlie Ross, the long lost boy, is in his possession. Mr. Ross, however, does not think that it is his boy.——The total expenditures under the arreage of pension act, according to Sen. Davis, Chairman of the Committee on appropriations will amount to $15,000,000.——Randolph Percy Townsend, who had charge of the arrangements for producing the "Passion Play" in New York has sued Abbey & Shoeffel, the managers, for $800 for work.——The Apaches are on the war-path again, and are doing a great deal of mischief.——Rev. Father O'Connel, of Syracuse, N. Y., proposes that all the Irishmen of that City Boycott all merchants who refuse to aid the land league, not purchasing goods of them.——Minister Christiancy, of Peru, is in contempt of the District Court at Washington for not paying Mrs. C. alimony as the Court directed.——Two young ladies of Kansas City, were walking along one of the streets of that City, Wednesday afternoon, when one of them was held up and robbed by some thief who made good his escape.——The Kentucky glass works at the southern edge of Louisville, were damaged to the amount of $10,000 by fire.——Elaborate preparations are being made at Mount Joy prison, in Ireland, for a large number of fresh inmates.——A mass of coal and rock, estimated at 2,000 tons, fell in the Empire mines, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., burying Morris and Thomas Evans.——The Dubuque Land League celebrated the result of the trial of the traversers by bonfires, a salute of artillery and an enthusiastic mass meeting.——Five children of a farmer named Boscomb, living near Malone, N. Y., were mysteriously burned to death while their mother was absent at a neighbor's.——The Sprague divorce suit will be tried in Providence.——There is a strong probability that a vessel will be sent to the Polar regions in search of the "Jeannette" which has not been heard from for a long time.——Philadelphia was visited Monday and Tuesday mornings by very serious fires which destroyed hundreds of dollars worth of valuable property.——The storm on the Pacific Coast early this week was the most severe that has visited that section for 50 years.——Hereafter railroad companies are to provide safety stoves for use in mail cars, to avoid a repetition of the dreadful calamity on the Erie last week, by which four mail agents were burned to death when their car left the track.——In Davenport, Iowa, a man tried to put a stove pipe in a chimney and couldn't. Investigation showed that the hole was filled with human flesh, and now the question is when was the crime committed and who was the victim.——Prospects are that there will be an extra session of Congress, as there is too much buiness already on hand to be transacted at this session——Tampa, Fla., has new Irish potatos, lettuce and cucumbers.——The colored Methodists of Waco, Texas, are to erect a $7,000 college.——Judge A. J. Ross, of Salada, has been elected Grand Master of the Texas State Grange.——The snow fall at Camden, S. C., January 24, was the heaviest known there for 50 years.——Twelve fishing smacks have been wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and 46 men drowned.——No smoking will hereafter be allowed in any

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Fire-Places—Heaters and Smoking Chimneys—"The Open Fire-Place" How to Save Fuel—Fireballs vs. Coal.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28, 1880.

Mrs. Lucy L., of Essex, wrote sometime ago asking all sorts of directions about improving chimneys and fire-places, topics on which it is easy for any one to ask what science has yet found no answer for. The wildest storm of the Winter is whirling ghostly drifts of snow in a white world outside, growing hourly dimmer, and the comfort of the fireside fully enjoyed on such a day fully comes for thought and discourse. Between the snug, well warmed room with double panes shutting out the storm, the red round table strewn with books about heating and ventilation, and the easy chair by the register—alas, not my open wood fire, the dogs sleeping in luxurious comfort, between this picture and the smoky wigwam, the draughty baronial hall of old, or the Persian jar of fire, sunk in the middle of the room, around which the inmates hover under cover of a huge quilt which confines the heat, what a rejoicing difference. Even the register, the hole in the floor, at which it is impossible for three chilly persons to warm themselves at once, has one great gain—it heats a room without smoking, and in that respect is better than the old fire-places. I remember well the wide brick hearths of houses in southern Indiana, where wood fires went cracking merrily, when everything was right, but where in cold Winter evenings, it was necessary to turn one's back to the fire, at intervals, and get both sides a chance to get warm. On dull, damp days, just the time when a brisk, cherry blaze is needed for health and spirits, the fire was apt to sulk, and die away desponding, sending little pert puffs of smoke and ashes into the room, as perhaps Mrs. Lucy L——'s chimney does now. There is a proverb which couples a scolding wife and a smoking chimney together as the greatest plagues of life. I should give the first rank to the chimney, for scolding never does much harm, unless the sting of deserving it in some degree ranks in one's consciousness. There never was a scolding woman yet, but a slack, unworthy man was in fault, behind her. The chimney sins of its own depravity.

WHY CHIMNEYS SMOKE.

Within the last two years I have questioned architects and stove dealers of experience, and consulted a score of the best authorities who have written on the subject besides working out the matter in practice with several refractory chimneys. It is astonishing how many people can put up for years with chimneys which consume tons and cords of fuel more than they ought, and smoke villainously at times, without trying to remedy the evils. There are a dozen reasons given by every scientific writer why chimneys smoke, but there are but two likely to be found in modern buildings. If the house has been built within a dozen years the fault probably is that the smoke-flue is too small. If it is an older house, beyond a doubt, the flue is much too large. The received rule given by all the different builders and grate dealers, who have charge of these matters for the best houses of the country is that each fire-place and each stove leading into a chimney should be allowed a separate flue not less than 8x12 inches, or 12 inches square. If larger, it will draw of too much heat; if smaller, it cannot surely convey the smoke. The flue need not run to the top of the chimney, but should be carried separately for five feet above the fire-place or stove-pipe hole in the room above, to prevent the upper fire from hindering the draught of the lower. Modern builders often carelessly make flues too small, especially where several fire-places go into one chimney, and 4x6-inch flues are not uncommon in some of the miserably-planned genteel houses, which are built to rent, or sell on installments.

OLD CHIMNEYS.

The fault with Mrs. Lucy L.'s chimney, as with those of most of the 200 old Essex houses, is that it is too large. These quaint picturesque old heads are places to admire on a wash, and have wonderfully charming nooks, but among their drawbacks is apt to be a chimney of uncertain temper. Alas, the stately old houses have the great fire-places carefully filled up and plastered with a hole for the pipe of a base-burning stove instead of the cheery ingle, where fires blazed in colonial times. Such desecration! If the owners only knew how it were just as easy and economical to keep the open fire and shut off the huge draught. Listen to the advice of the most intelligent and practical architects of the times:

Keep your fireplaces wide, and your chimney flues small as will carry the smoke. The reasons are these: Fire gives heat in three ways, radiant heat, which is thrown off by the open fire; the heat of convection, or currents of warm air passing over it, and the heat of contact, or conduction, given off by the iron of stoves or the heated brick and tile. The radiant heat of an open fire is 25 per cent., nearly one-quarter of the entire heat of the fuel, which fourth is lost in a close stove, or partly lost in a badly built fireplace. The heat of the air currents is nearly all lost by being carried up the chimney, and the heat we might have by conduction is lost by not having either stoves or heaters of any sort large enough. The facts, proved over and over again by every scientist, are that seven-eighths of the heat from the fuel burned is lost, even in the best fire-places in common use. You will find the air far better at the top of your chimney than around your hearth, when the fire burns briskly. To get as much heat as possible from an open fire, the fire-place should be wide, rather than high, and the sides flaring, not square, for the corners will fill with smoke, or round, which is not found an advantage. The best proportions for a fire-place are when the back and each side are the same width, and the front is three times the width of the back. This form throws out the heat of the fire best, and gives a more hospitable warmth for a wider circle around it than the old fashioned square fire place. The grate should be set 12 inches above the hearth, to throw heat freely upon the floor for warming the feet. Three feet from the floor is quite high enough for the top of the fireplace in general. As you make your fireplace large to throw out heat, you narrow the chimney to prevent its escape. The great throat of old fashioned chimneys such as are still in use in the South and parts of the West, draw up ten times more heat than is suffered to escape into the room.

HOW TO CORRECT A WIDE CHIMNEY.

The cure for a flue that is too large is pretty well known by stove men, and the suggestion may come with relief to persons at a distance from such help. The throat of the chimney must be closed by either building a brick arch across it, or by sheet-iron, with a pipe for a flue carried at least half way up the next story of the house. Old stove pipe, not worn into holes with rust will answer, but glazed drain pipe makes the best flue of any sort, and is used by the best builders instead of the brick flue in new houses. Being glazed, it does not gather soot readily, and the smoke passes more freely through it than a rough plastered flue. If the iron sheet or brick arch is close fitting and the pipe carried up high enough in the chimney, this plan will not fail to give a good draught when it is desired to shut a fire in the recess of an old fire place. In low studded story and a half houses, the pipe will need to be carried well toward the roof to secure a draft.

THE OPEN FIRE.

When the cheer of an open fire is desired, and there are parts of the country where the luxury is still common, the big chimney may be made to serve as a heater, worth three of the foolish modern ones built into the thickness of a nine-inch wall. An experiment briefly spoken of in these letters some time ago will bear description here, to help Mrs. Lucy L—— and others out of their puzzle. A house rented by me two years since had the old fire-places filled up and fitted for stoves which did not suit my taste in a region of wood-fires. After half a lifetime of boarding in submission to the generally received discomforts of modern existence, I determined on having the comfort of an open wood fire and a pure soft air in the rooms. The great chimney breast with bricks enough to build a room nearly, was taken down; the original flue 12 inches by 24, down which the winds had swept the volume of smoke for 40 years, was enlarged for three feet above the floor to serve as the fireplace, which projected into the room about 17 inches when finished, above which a brick flue, 4x12, was carried up into the old chimney-top in the attic, that part of the house being one-story only. It drew perfectly, though in the worst position for a chimney—the outside wall on the north side of a house—and though it had been notorious for smoking ever since it was first built till the alt rations. But this feat of conquering a smoky chimney was a common process not worth discussing but for the way in which it was turned into a very efficient heater with great saving of fuel.

The ideas were gathered in a miscellaneous course of reading, mainly from standard writers on heat and ventilation, but the way in which they were combined was our own. Briefly the heater was one small brick fireplace within an outer one, with a hollow space four inches wide between the two, and the fronts built together in one, like the jambs of a common fireplace. In appearance it was a small fireplace, nothing more. The front part, which held the grate, opened into the chimney-flue; the larger was built over, closing the air-space entirely, except by four openings, 2x4 inches, one at each corner of the fire-place in front. For those who may be interested, I will give the details which were intended to use as much of the old material, as possible, and save space in the room, instead of the cumbrous old chimney breast. The whole fire-place projection into the room when finished was 37 inches high by 30 wide and 17 deep. The fire-place proper the inner one, was 27 inches high, 17 inches wide in front, flaring from a back 15 inches wide, and sides 9 inches deep from front to back. The air space was 4 inches wide, the thickness of a brick, and outer and inner walls were each built of one course of brick, laid in common mortar, and the air space was closed by flaring of the inner fire-place, and the ends of a row of brick in front, between the two. One brick left out on each side at the floor and at the upper corner of the fire-place, gave vent to the air in this space behind the fire, securing ample, delicate and constant ventilation. The cold air entered the air holes at the boor, was warmed by the bricks of the fire-place, and passed out warm at the upper corner in a fine, pleasant current which changed the air of the room without one's feeling it. The brick of the old chimney was used to build the new fire-places and flues, which were not furred and lathed, but plastered directly on the bricks in two thin coats. Instead of the old heavy chimney, 2 feet by 4½ built of four courses of brick, with lath and plaster to pad it out in a room 15 feet square, there was the snug fire-place, taking less room than any open stove, with a flue 8x20 corresponding in width to the fire-place, giving room for a large chair in each corner and a set of shelves on the wall, in the space saved.

This brick chimney flue was itself to be a heater clear to the ceiling, and the heat which had formerly gone to warm the stars, and been carefully kept from reaching the room by the deadening effect of lath and plaster on the sides, was to be used to warm the room. To this end, we could turn the whole flue into a close stove when we liked, by a simple arrangement. A square damper of sheet-iron, closing the entire flue, was put in at the level of the ceiling, in building the new flue, which could be opened or closed at will, by pulling a stout picture-cord which hung down by the side of the mantel. This damper alone, in any chimney, is a great saving of heat, and worth all the cost and trouble of putting in, even after the flues are built. The fire-place was fitted with a grate, made by the Village blacksmith, a common cinder grating and sheet-iron ashbox below, and a flat door of sheet-iron with a handle like the blower to a coal-fire, which was not hinged, but fitted nicely to its place. The ledges on the two inches over the rim of the fire-place, and it could be set in or taken down as easily as a blower. When set up on the rim of the ash-pan, it was a blower, the perfect draught of the flue starting a roaring fire at once, but when set on the hearth, in the rim fitted for it, it closed the fire-place as completely as an air-tight stove. Few stove-doors are as well fitted as that fire-door was, and this closeness is one great requirement to keeping fire and saving of fuel. The covers, doors and joints of stoves and furnaces are so ill-fitted that there is hardly any such thing as checking the draught.

With our chimney heater, we could have an open fire in the evening or whenever we set around it, and when the room was vacant, or at night the damper was closed, the door set up, and the fire was safe as in an air-tight stove, while the ventilation was kept up by the gentle but constant play of air through the heating space between the walls. The heat of the fire, instead of being lost was absorbed by the bricks inside, and slowly but steadily given to the room, so that in the morning or after a long absence we entered the same pure, equable, thoroughly warm, and delightful air. It was the only room I ever saw anywhere, with any method of heating which seemed always and entirely warm, without the slightest oppressiveness. It was a north east room, exposed to blasts across a wide, open hill-top, but let the weather be what it might, that room had the blandness of Spring. No gale shrieked down the closed chimney, or sang those terrible little waifs which make the solitary superstitious in spite of themselves.

And with all his closeness, though built wholly of common old brick, the flue never leaked gas, which had been its dreadful fault before the improvement. The room and bed-room opening from it was occupied by two elderly people, sensitive to cold, who found it the most perfectly comfortable place they had ever known. They said it was delightful to dress and undress in a calm temperature without a suspicion of cold, and to be able to sit by the farthest window to sew or read as freely as in Summer. The windows and doors were made as tight as they could be, by nailing the old moldings closely, and the north windows had old fashioned board shunters, which added to the comfort, but we owe my fireplace as much support as this. The two rooms were kept at this perfect warmth night and day by the use of one scuttleful of coal in 24 hours in the coldest weather. The fire never went out, and once or twice in warm March weather, kept 36 hours without fresh fuel.

The points of the chimney-heater were, first, the perfect control of the draught, given by the close-fitting door and chimney damper, then the material, which is the main thing—for brick is a kindly substance to fire, storing up its heat, and parting with it slowly and evenly; as the earth gives off its heat in Summer, so that a brick heaters a treasury of warmth, cautious in paying out, but hard to exhaust. Our brick chimney flues are large heating shafts, seldom cooled, and why should we not use this wasted heat for the comfort of our houses? They make the heat of a little fuel go farther and last longer than any of our fine patent furnaces, and the space they occupy may be turned to account by making it serve at once as stove and flue. It is the principle of the great German tile and brick stoves over again, save that instead of the big stove to take up room, the chimney becomes the stove.

THE CONTINENTAL HEATER.

In the cold climates of Northern Europe, where the cold is as intense as that of our Northwest, two, three and four rooms will be kept at Summer heat by one of these gigantic brick stoves, built in the corner, to project into each room, with the feed door only in one, saving dust and interruption for each of the other three. And this heat is maintained by burning one large armful of wood a day.

I quote from "A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic," a reference to the Continental stove, which is: "Within these great houses not a breath of cold is experienced. The rooms are heated by stoves, built in tower like shapes of pure white porcelain, in graceful architectural moldings, sometimes surmounted with classic figures and opening with brass doors, kept as bright as if they were of gold. In houses of less display these stoves are merely a projection in the wall, colored and cornived in the same style as the apartment. In adjoining rooms they are placed back to back, so that the same fire suffices for both. These are heated but once in 24 hours. Each stove will hold a heavy armful of billet, (cut wood,) which blazes, snaps and crackles most merrily, and when no unburnt morsel remains, the chimney aperture is closed over the glowing embers, the brass doors firmly shut, and in six hours after the stove is at its hottest—indeed it never cools."

HOW TO SAVE COAL.

But as long as the coal merchants have a happy faculty of asking three prices for their ware, let me revive the memory of the old-fashioned fire-balls, used as a saving of fuel by all thrifty nations, from the Chinese to the Hollanders, and English. There are people now living who can recall the time when they were used by frugal Philadelphians for the burning of fires. It is very well known by scientific men, and ought to be better known by common families, that a great saving can be made by using finer coal for fires. The refuse coal dust, or "pea coal," which is the coarse screenings, are excellent for keeping fires over night, or when a hot fire is not needed. That is a piece of economy tolerably common. But the use of fire-balls, with the abundance of coal and the general extravagance of American habits has become absolute. I judge, however, there are some readers who will thank me for the suggestion of such a radical saving. Mr. Tomlinson, the English authority on "Warming and Ventilation" says: "The ingenious economy of the Chinese, from which we might borrow a useful lesson, is that of employing coal of good quality makes use of inferior or small refuse coal, mixed with a compost of clay or earth, formed into balls which are dried in the sun or open air. This is not on account of any scarcity of coal, for it is abundant in China, but the Chinese find that their fire-balls give out very little smoke, and they are extensively manufactured in coal districts."

Count Rumford in his essay on Chimney Fireplaces writes: "I have often wondered that no attempts should have been made to improve the fires made in the open chimneys of elegant apartments by preparing the fuel. Fireballs, the size of goose eggs, composed of coal and charcoal in powder, mixed with a due proportion of wet clay, and well dried, would make a much more cleanly fire than coals. In Flanders and parts of Germany, the coals are always prepared by pounding and mixing. They not only burn longer, but give much more heat than when burnt in their crude state. The particles of clay arrest a part of the combined heat, and this heating the clay red hot is changed to radiant heat, afterwards given off for useful purposes."

SUSAN POWERS.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Important Decision of the Supreme Court—The Apportionment Bill—Mr. Hurd's Resolutions—Gen. Grant—Dakota—Another Supreme Court Judge—The Postoffice Frauds—A Postal Telegraph—Originating Revenue Bills.

Correspondence of the Blade.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1881.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Hallet Kilbourn probably makes more noise here than it will elsewhere, but it must have a very important bearing on the future action of Congress in all cases of "contempt."

It will probably be remembered that Kilbourne was one of the victims of Glover's remarkable genius for getting his party into scrapes. The Glover Committee, in raging around for party capital, struck on a real estate pool managed by Kilbourn, which, it was suspected, was in some way connected with Boss Shepherd and District affairs. Of course, there were plenty of "good" men who wanted to know what Kilbourn had been about, and this rippled Glover and his committee with all manner of suspicious circumstances, inducing them to think they were on the track of monstrous corruptions; and Kilbourn was at length called before the Committee and ordered to produce his books and disclose all his transactions. But that was exactly what he did not propose to do. He protested that his business was his own private affair, over which the Committee had no power, that he had had nothing to do with District matters, and so long as no connection could be shown between his transactions in real estate and the District Government he should refuse to produce the books called for. He was then reported to the House for contempt and thrown into prison where he remained for six weeks.

The long proceedings by which he obtained his release and brought suit against Glover and his Committee, will not interest the general reader. It will be sufficient to state that his claim for damages (laid at $150,000,) went against him in the District Court, on the ground that the order of arrest was the doings of Congress; and that his suit was carried thence to the Supreme Court, which has just come to a unanimous decision that the arrest was made without due authority; and the case has been remanded to the District Court to ascertain by a Jury trial what the actual damage was.

The decision turns on the familiar clause of the Constitution which provides that "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." Congress, through the usual forms, has power to make laws regulating arrests; but, without law, it has no more power to arrest and imprison a citizen than a committee of shoemakers or a street mob. The liberties of the people are guarded and protected by law, and cannot be trampled on by either of the two Houses of Congress with any more show of constitutional authority than by the Toledo Board of Brokers. There have been errors committed against this view of constitutional liberty by both political parties, but the Glover affair was mean beyond endurance, and the people of Washington will not mourn if the damages should be "exemplary."

I said in my last that the apportionment bill, as reported, provided for 301 members, but this was the bill as reported from the sub-committee. Before it reached the House it was changed to 311 members, which, on close examination, turns out to be the number which will give the greatest possible preponderance to the Solid South. Of course such a bill will not pass without being strongly challenged. It need not be said that the South, in thrusting Congress full of men like Hill and Chalmers, known all over the country to be desperados, has made itself an object of suspicion and jealousy. It has a legal over-representation in the Senate; it has a stolen over-representation in the House; it has, it is generally believed, a surreptitious over-enumeration in the census, and now it proposes, by a trick to increase its over-representation in Congress, and make its system of frauds count still more. We trust that no such injustice will be done, though the debate will last till the 4th of March and the much dreaded extra session follows.

Mr. Hurd's free trade resolutions have gone to a bad market and the committee to whom they were referred have agreed to "let them slide."

Gen. Logan's effort to get a hearing for the bill retiring Gen. Grant, had the effect to call out one generous and manly speech from a quarter where the public is not accustomed to look for such things. Senator Lamar showed that he did not belong to the common herd of Democratic partizans, and the public will henceforth take new interest in his public utterances.

The Democratic leaders are not anxious to admit new States that are sure to be Republican, and hence the effort to admit Dakota will be unavailing. The committee have agreed to report against it.

The nomination of Stanley Matthews to the place on the Bench of the Supreme Court, made vacant by the resignation of Judge Swayne, gives an opportunity for casting slurs on Ohio, but the feeling is all but universal that no more fitting appointment have been made by this administration. Mr. Matthews not only has great legal learning and eminent ability but an equipoise of mind which admirably qualifies him for judicial service.

The special committee appointed to hush up the facts in regard to several tons of fraudulent matter which the Democratic Committee attempted to smuggle through the mails have been at work on the Glover plan. They did not trouble themselves about the frauds that they knew had been committed but set diligently to work to discover frauds committed by the Republicans. It is understood that they had no success, but it is said thet their report will mildly suggest that both parties have taken undue liberties with the mails and that such liberties ought to be checked.

The House Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads have agreed to report Mr. Springer's resolution instructing them "to inquire into the expediency of establishing by law a postal telegraph system under the Government of the United States, with the recommendation that it pass for the following reason: That it is evident to the committee that there is a general demand by the public for protection in telegraphic communications from the extortions of a great telegraphic monopoly that absorbs its competitors after they become established, and thus pays dividends on stock believed to be largely watered, and therefore official inquiry should be made into the facts, and legislation proposed in accordance therewith." This resolution does not appear to mean business, but to frighten the "great monopoly."

Some importance is attached to a House report from the Judiciary Committee on the subject of originating "revenue bills." Article 1, Section VII., of the Constitution, says: "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills." The exact meaning of this clause has been a matter of long dispute between the two houses, but the exhaustive report just made takes the view for which the Senate has always contended, viz: that bills for raising revenue are tax bills, and do not concern bills for expending the money raised. The report is spoken of as covering the whole field of fact and argument, and as a virtual settlement of the whole question.

The resolution proposing a joint rule for counting the electoral vote has failed again, it was brought up on Wednesday with the understanding that the Democrats had votes enough to force it through, but some members are absent on pairs who seem to have been overlooked. On the vote to take up the resolution the Democrats had a victory, the question being carried by 130 to 124. This was a strict party vote with the exception that Stephens, Felton and Speer, all of Georgia, voted with the Republicans. The Republicans, under the lead of Mr. Conger, continued to interpose obstructive motions and brought out a test vote on an appeal from one of the decisions of the Speaker, when every Republican abstained from voting. The result was watched with intense interest, but on counting up it was found that 140 voted in favor of sustaining the appeal and five against. This was not a majority of all the members (293) and Mr. Conger at once raised the point of no quorum—the Democrats wanted *two* more votes. The struggle was in vain, and, after a few more similar trials was abandoned. It will be made over again if the two votes can be collared.

The election of a Democrat in Tennessee is a great disappointment to Republicans in Washington, but it relieves the anxiety of those who hold positions under the Democratic Senate and their were high rejoicings among them over the result. Of course all that Jackson (the new Senator) says about concilirtion and harmony, go far as it applies to national affairs is bosh. So far as it applies to the harmony of the Democratic party its meaning cannot well be measured; but it is to be regretted that he was elected by Republican votes.

There is still a good deal of snow on the ground, and the sleighing in the country continues; but in Washington it is no longer possible.

BUCKEYE.

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J. K. WILDER & CO., of South Toledo, O., have collected complete statistics on cheap and systematic feeding in the United States. We recommend all feeders of stock to send for their pamphlets on this subject.

The Everglades to be Drained.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 31.—A contract has just been agreed upon between the authorities of Florida and J. C. Coryel, of Jacksonville, and A. B. Linderman, representing capitalists of Philadelphia and the Pacific Coast to drain Lake Okeechobee, in South Florida. If the scheme is carried out, 12,000,000 acres of the best sugar land in the world will be reclaimed, which include the celebrated Everglades, and will be in extent twice as large as the State of New Jersey. This is the largest contract on record, and when completed Florida can produce more sugar than the United States now consumes.

A Bank Defaulter's Death in Honolulu.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1.—News reached this City late last night of the death of Charles E. Coffin in Honolulu. Coffin was until two years ago a trusted employee of the Lafayette Bank in this City. On January 2, 1879, he disappeared with $18,000 of the bank's money, taking a woman of the Town with him. Nothing definite has been heard from him since until last night, when word was received that he died in Honolulu, a voluntary exile, on the 2d inst., just two years after his disappearance.

Wolf Hunting.

PALMYRA, Wis., Feb. 1.—The continued extreme cold and deep snow have combined in making the wolves that infest the surrounding bluffs and woods sufficiently hungry and bold to begin their yearly descent upon unprotected sheep flocks. Wolf hunters have thus far reported but one wolf captured; that brought $65 bounty. Wolf hunting is the amusement of the day among hunters.

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Roman Catholics in Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 29.—Archbishop Heiss has received annual returns from the three Catholic dioceses of the State, which show the Roman Catholic population of Wisconsin to be 312,890, or one-fourth the entire population. There are 471 churches, 26 chapels, 65 stations, and 334 priests. The Catholic population of the diocese of Milwaukee forms over one-half of the denomination in the State, the diocese of Green Bay numbering 64,000 white and 800 Indian Catholics, and the diocese of LaCrosse 46,500 white and 1,500 Indian Catholics. At present the latter diocese is without a bishop.

The Ponca Question.

WASHINGTON, January 29.—Secretary Schurz is somewhat disappointed at the tone of the Ponca Commission report, which is rather severe on the management of those Indians. President Hayes will send the report to Congress with a special message, and the result will probably be a bill to harmonize matters so as to permit the Poncas to elect whether they will accept lands in Indian Territory or in Dakota, or some in either, for their homes. Senator Dawes is to make the greatest effort of his life in a Ponca sympathy speech, on Monday.

Population of the United States.

Compared with the great nations of Europe, the United States show a greater population than any except Russia, which contains over 72,000,000 of inhabitants. Against our 50,152,559, Germany shows 42,727,360; Austria-Hungary, 37,331,420; France, 36,905,788; Great Britain and Ireland, 34,060,000; Italy, 27,719,745; Spain, 16,526,511. The total population of Europe is given by the "Almanach de Gotha" as 311,763,713. Hence, we have even now only about one-sixth as many inhabitants, though our area and that of Europe are as a whole nearly equal. The eight largest States in the Union are in the order named: (1) New York, (2) Pennsylvania, (3) Ohio, (4) Illinois, (5) Missouri, (6) Indiana, (7) Massachusetts, (8) Kentucky. The aggregate population of these States in 1860 was 13,221,475, and in 1870 it was 19,224,799. They had then just about one-half the total population; they now fall short of it by nearly 2,000,000.

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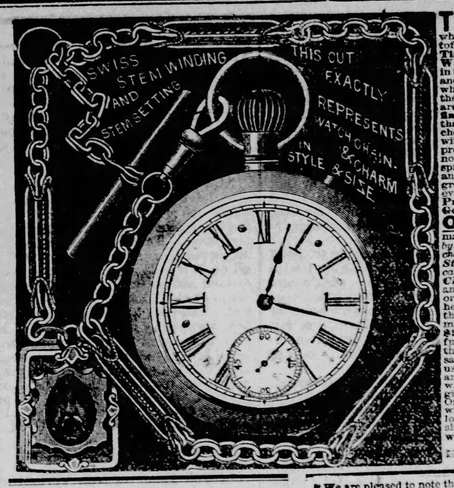

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The Household.

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4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

More of the Same.

A member of THE HOUSEHOLD writes to know what she can do to make herself independent. She is not strong enough to teach or to do hard work of any kind, and the question is what door to woman's work is open to her, into which she can enter.

Not knowing the circumstances surrounding the individual, this is a difficult thing to say. If she has no home or is obliged to live elsewhere, we should refer her to what we said last week. Obtain a housekeeper's place somewhere where the work is light and yet will furnish change of position and exercise while the mind is occupied. Even if the wages are small, in a good home, and with the consciousness of independence, health and strength will soon return and enable her to obtain more in the near future.

Perhaps she has little practical knowledge of housekeeping. Well, if she is smart and capable, she can soon acquire it. We know of a girl of 19 who, one year ago was ignorant of almost anything pertaining to household matters. Obliged to earn her own living, and unable or preferring not to enter any of the common avenues of labor sought by American girls, she, with an admirable courage undertook the cooking and general housekeeping for a family of five persons. With good cook books, whose directions she followed to the letter, and a dear old lady in the house to whom she could resort in moments of extreme difficulty, she has persevered until she has won the confidence and regard of all the family, and is able to successfully "paddle her own canoe." Of course she makes mistakes, which are, however, fewer in number as time passes. She has a comfortable, pleasant home, dresses neatly, and is saving money. All may not have her executive ability and succeed in so short a time, while of course there are many to whom these duties would be utterly distasteful, but we mention it as a sample of what can be done.

We know of another case where were two sisters who wanted to stay together, but must work for the bread they were to eat and the clothes they would wear. For a trifle they hired a corner in a millinery room, bought a few papers and magazines and commenced business. They sold the former and rented the latter. It was slow gain at first, but by and by their politeness and attention to their customers won for them friends and patronage increased. In time they were able to buy books and occupy the whole side of a store, and at last they had one all to themselves and were prosperous and money making.

Where did they get the capital to begin with, do you ask? One went out sewing, and the other into a kitchen and did the work there. People who are determined to make something of themselves do not stop at trifles, or because a stepping-stone is not so comfortable and fair to look upon as might be desired. They saved every cent that the strictest economy would enable them to, and when they first began business, only one gave up her place to attend to it, while the other continued the labor that gave her a certain return, until the success of their undertaking was assured.

There are many such little ventures which require hardly any capital so far as money is concerned, but a considerable amount of it, if tact and perseverance can be considered in that light. Here too is needed what we have before spoken of in another connection,—a thorough system. Promptness is also an absolute essential to success.

In many country neighborhoods the sale of all kinds of patterns would be remunerative, and if any one has taste and ingenuity in that direction many kinds of fancy work could be the product of their own skill, and would find a ready market.

All of these things, however, require courage and enterprise. Discouragements will come in any and every calling but if bravely met they will usually disappear.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

The Baby is Dead.

"The baby is dead!" These words were addressed to me by a little hazel-eyed boy, over whose curly head no more than four Summers had passed, as one bright morning I was passing a small brown house on the outskirts of a large Village. The little face was looking out between the old brown pickets of the fence, and his mind was evidently trying to grasp some new and wonderful idea. Death had entered his home, and the baby, so loving and playful, he had seen that morning lying cold and inanimate in its little crib, and had been told that it had gone to Heaven: and there he stood in the shadow of a rose bush, thinking of Heaven and the baby.

I stroked his flaxen curls, and kissing his sweet face, asked him if he were sorry baby was dead. "No," said he with a sigh, "I not sorry because she will be warm up there when the told, told Winter comes again, and she won't be hungry any more;" then he added, his face brightening, "and the angels will love her just as well as we do."

What a tale of poverty and suffering his words unfolded! It is a terrible thing, such suffering that makes the child grow old, and long for the shelter of the grave that he may escape the pinching wants of poverty! Thank God, that in Heaven the poor shall be warmed, and fed, and clothed!

Taking his hand I went with him into the house and found the indication of his words verified.

In an old arm chair sat a nearly helpless man with his face buried in his hands. I heard him exclaim: "My Father in Heaven! Surely thy ways are past finding out!" Our entrance aroused him, and he looked up with such an expression of helpless misery as made my heart ache.

In one corner was a little crib, in which lay the baby robed for the grave, and over it was bending the mother on whose face was set the seal of consumption, and she too was slowly and surely dying.

The rooms were neat and clean, and fragrant with flowers gathered from the pretty yard, but almost devoid of furniture. I learned that one article after another had gone from their home to the auction rooms until the barest necessities alone remained, except a few shelves of choice books, which they once fondly hoped was the nucleus of a library, and with which, even in their poverty, they had not the heart to part. Upon the walls were a few engravings, in inexpensive frames of home make, and a number of those pretty trifles for use or beauty, which add grace to a room, and were the work of the wife's skilful fingers in those happy, prosperous days, when they never dreamed that misfortune was on their track.

They told me something of their sad story. The husband was a mechanic, and by his labor had been able to maintain his family in comfort; but two years previous he met with an accident that made him a cripple and an invalid; then the wife tried to support them by her needle, but health and strength failed her, and many a time during the long Winter had they gone cold and supperless to bed.

The home they were striving to make their own, and had planted round with fruit trees, and flowering shrubs and creeping vines, had passed into other hands, and that day they were not only to lay the baby in her little grave, but were to leave this dear spot and remove to a wretched place in a distant part of the Town.

They had learned to obey the command, "Be still, and know that I am God," for no murmurs escaped their lips. In reply to a remark of mine, the husband said, "The Holy One has laid the hand of correction upon us, but He sent with it His "rod and staff," and "they comfort us."

Such a touching and beautiful exhibition of trust in God I never before witnessed, and as I left that humble abode I lifted my heart in thankfulness to Him for the Christian's hope.

ELDRA DENING.

THE above touching story is another argument in favor of our position, that girls should receive a thorough training in some one thing by which they could earn their living in case of necessity. Had the woman spoken of been thus prepared, her way had been easier, and her family more comfortable. None can tell what the future has in store for them. —ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Our Schools.

There seems to be at present a considerable degree of interest manifested by THE HOUSEHOLD in a subject which above all others I love to talk and write upon, viz: the school question. Among the articles upon government, imparting instructions, etc., there are two to which I find attention particularly attracted, one on "Sluggish Pupils," by J. S. Kimmell, of Pennsylvania, and the other upon the methods of imparting general instructions, by T. C. Hopkins, West Decatur, Pa.

Upon the first named subject I agree most cordially with the writer that as the teacher is, so will be his school. It is an old maxim that "Intense earnestness will ennoble any life," and never were truer words uttered. And as this is true, is it not also certain that by untiring energy and persevering labor in our chosen calling we may ennoble and elevate that calling? And if there is one particular profession that is in need of intensely earnest and energetic workers, it is that of school teaching. I know that there are cases in which the circumstances are against the teacher, His predecessor in the school may have been careless and the government and general good of the school neglected, or the parents may be indifferent in regard to the moral training and intellectual advancement of their children, but these are not the fault of the pupils by any means. Let the teacher begin in earnest and get their confidence. Let him show them that he is working for their good and that he means business, and in 99 cases out of 100 he will succeed. It is all in the teacher. Show me an instructor who takes hold of his task in earnest, who has confidence in his methods, who is enthusiastic in his labors, who has confidence in himself, and I will show you one who accomplishes good results.

In regard to a teacher imparting general information in a country school, it is a deplorable yet a no less actual truth that there is not one teacher in a hundred who knows much outside of what is positively necessary to obtain a license, and before we can impart information to our pupils, we must obtain it ourselves. Take for example, history, (it has always been my favorite study) and very few of us know any more of this branch farther than it is connected with our own country. As a class, we confine ourselves too closely to the study of what we positively must know. Take our most accomplished teachers, normal and graded school graduates and where there are 100 of them who can quote Caesar by the page there is not one who knows who Julius Caesar was, where he lived, how he died, or what influence he exerted upon the age in which he lived, and while, perhaps, they all excel in oratory, and can declaim the "Battle of Waterloo" to perfection, there is probably not a single one who can tell the names of the commanders in this sanguinary conflict, nor the momentous consequences that hinged upon the issue of the contest, nor, least of all that here in darkness was buried forever, by fatality and treason, the star of the greatest military genius that ever lived.

I take history as an example, for the reason that it is within the easy reach of all, and that by comparatively little labor we may learn a great deal that we will find to be of excellent use to us in teaching while the same amount of knowledge in another branch would likely require a great deal of hard study.

I am glad this subject has been mentioned, and I sincerely hope that the time will soon come when every applicant for license will be required to possess a reasonable knowledge of ancient history.

I would like to hear from others on this subject, and at some future time I will be heard from again. "LINDEN."

Erie, Lawrence Co., Ind.

Homely Subject but Useful.

Did you ever hear anyone express real genuine love for dish washing? I did, once when a very small girl. Let me recall the scene, and picture the person; a tall, straight form, clad in mourning habiliments, silvery white hair neatly banded back from a broad, intellectual brow, a sweet dark face, that once must have looked enchanting in rich scarlet, or cherry, the undisputed colors of the old-time brunette. Do I forget her eyes? Oh no! those dark imperial eyes, shining in undisguised sympathy for the little girl and the breakfast table. The snow without falling with large, soft white flakes noiselessly as a "midnight robber." A bright, red sled upon the porch, and school time only an hour away. Was it because my facial features were drawn in such an ugly frown that she put her hands to my small work, saying, "just make your head save your heels," for a few minutes and you may be off? I did not then realize the import of grandma's homely adage, but have since learned to lessen work by thinking

In the matter of dish-washing, I have found no better way than my grandmother's, and this is the *modus operandi*. A dish pan of tepid water to wash the dishes in, and also to save the hands from being red and blistered, and another dish-pan of hot water to rinse them. They will not need much drying; can be raised from the hot water with a fork. In the absence of a reservoir, many use hot water too sparingly, and have dull looking dishes. Now a largestone pot kept upon the back part of the stove, will supply the deficiency, and many other needs as well. Dish towels should be washed with the soiled linen while the dish cloths should be washed as often as used. A mussel shell is quite the thing to scrape dishes or culinary utensils. Dull dishes may be brightened by boiling in lye water. Lime coated and discolored dishes should be rubbed with both brick and ashes. Table cutlery should be well rubbed and dried; when not in use should be kept wrapt in chamois skin,a soft pliant leather.

One should avoid the ruinous powders for cleansing silver ware. It needs only a washing in strong soap suds and a smart rubbing with a flannel cloth. A little prepared chalk may be used in polishing.

The swab was voted a nuisance in THE HOUSEHOLD some time ago, and so it is for dish washing, yet it has its appropriate uses. Do you want your stoves polished anew, and yet dread the unsightly black hands which will be the result? Apply the polish with a swab made by tying a bit of muslin or flannel to a small stick. As a sanitary precaution the swab should be used in frying griddle cakes so as not to use any more grease than necessary; all cooking utensils should be oiled with a swab, leaving the hands unsoiled; also, bread, rusks, etc.

Now that the dishes are washed, one must have a duster for cupboards etc; a nice one may be home-made by selecting the feathers from a turkey's breast and back. These, in preference to the larger ones, as the larger ones will wear off on the ends, leaving the mid-rib to scratch and mark. Shape a handle some seven or eight inches in length; in the small end bore four holes, and fasten a few feathers by sewing through; make firm with a coat of glue, applied with a small brush,and so with each succeeding layer of feathers until of the proper size; now cover the top of the feathers or upper part, with a small piece of red or tan leather, neatly fitted and glewed, and the quill ends are hid. G. M. C.

Relief of the Suffering.

"Jennie June," of New York, a regular correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, said in one of her letters some time ago, that some actor—if I am not mistaken it was Edwin Booth, the great tragedian—came home as he thought to die of cancer; but was cured by a doctor who had discovered that cancer was a parasitic or fungous growth I also think she said the cancer was situated internally. I do not remember the name of the doctor, but any one wishing to ascertain should write to "Jennie June" Crolv.

Doctor Gunn, in his Family Physician, gives a treatise of five and a half pages on cancer. I wish all who are afflicted with this disease could read it. I will copy a few extracts, if the editor will kindly give them a place in THE HOUSEHOLD.

"This is one of the most fearful and one of the most dreadful diseases to which the human family is liable. Any one who, from a scrofulous habit, is predisposed, from hereditary taint, to cancerous affections, should be extremely cautious in initiating any little warts on the face or other parts of the body, as by doing so they may become cancerous." All salt food, pork meat and stimulating things of every kind aggravate the disease. In a word, the drink should be water and the food vegetables." "At the sitting of the Academy of Science, in Paris, M. M. Bauphietuy and Adelde Roseville, surgeons of great distinction, addressed to the Academy of Medicine a detailed note on the animalculæ or small animals resembling lice, which are found in all the cancers that they have examined. These gentlemen have sought the means which are best fitted to destroy these. Animalculæ and their experiments have led them to recommend the following different articles as washes by which these small animals may be destroyed. Brandy, or the tincture of iodine, or concentrated solutions of the double chloride of mercury, or the chloride of gold, or of arsenic, or of the salts of copper, or of the nitrate of silver. Each, or any of these articles will kill these small animals, medically called animalculæ, in the short time of 20 minutes, or half an hour at most, and unless they are destroyed by some such acids, it will be impossible to cure this disease, and to want of knowledge of the proper remedies, may be attributed the failure of curing this fatal and tormenting affliction."

The application of raw cranberries, applied as a poultice to the sore, will cure this most inveterate disease. A lady of our acquaintance had a cancer in her breast which had become as large as a pullet's egg, and was an inch below the surface of the skin. It was an hereditary disease and regarded as a death-warrant. She was persuaded to try the cranberries, and they effected a cure. The cranberries were mashed in a mortar, spread on a cloth and laid on, changing the poultice three times a day. In two or three days it became so sore that it drew out pustules that filled like the small pox. This process was renewed with the same effect until the whole was drawn away, the cancer becoming softened and decreasing in size at every application until it finally disappeared. The virtues of cranberries are but imperfectly known. They are cooling and useful in removing inflammation.

Another remedy.—A jeweler, who had a cancerous pimple on his cheek, having occasion to dissolve some gold in nitro-muriatic acid, rubbed it several times unconsciously with his impregnated fingers, and was surprised to find it speedily change its appearance, and shortly after disappear. The proportions should be, 1 ounce of the acid to 6 grains of the chloride of gold. HYACINTH.

Too Late.

I saw in your last issue a letter from a lady saying that she knew an old farmer who could, without the aid of the knife, "kill" a cancer. If this old gentleman can do what is claimed, he is in advance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons that have ever lived. The lady says he is *mulish*; he certainly is mulish, or he could, by making his discovery public, "build himself an everlasting name. The lady is doubtless mistaken Persons who have studied the histology of cancers know that they can no more be broken up and removed from the system through the circulation than the bones of the arm.

In the clinics of the medical department of the University of Michigan, there are presented cases of cancer for treatment, as often as one each week, and nine times out of 10 the patient has submitted himself to treatment by "cancer doctor" (so-called) before coming here, and what is the result?

Some cancer doctors give internal treatment which has had no more effect than to cause dangerous delay, from proper treatment. Some resort to cautery which is as painful as a thousand deaths, and before it accomplishes its object the patient often dies or is broken down in health. The only way of removing cancer is by the use of the knife in the hands of an experienced surgeon.

Every day of delay increases the danger and as soon as possible the sufferer should have the cancer removed by recognized treatment—the knife.

As the patient is under the influence of an anesthetic the operation is painless. Last Saturday our surgeon (Prof. McLean) removed an enormous cancer from the breast of a woman in a few minutes. She had been treated for years by cancer doctors.

This article is too long, but a lady asked for a remedy, and I think she should be told of the only remedy. Whatever you do, madam, keep yourself out of the hands of ignorant quacks. I have seen many patients come here after being treated by them and our surgeon had to tell them: "Madam, you should have come sooner; it is too late, I can do nothing for you," and the patient would go home to die.

JOHN FREELAND.

Ann Arbor. Mich.

Force of Character.

Mr. C. of Clymer—for I know you are a man, as no woman would have written as your article was written—the idea of laying the blame, by reason of want of "force of character" on the woman in the garden of Eden is absurd. 'Twould be done by no one but a cross, old, disappointed man.

You are like the Adam of old, "It was not my fault, but the fault lies with the woman." Poor man! his force of character and strong self will would not allow him to say he had been disobedient.

Can you say that Mollie Pitcher lacked force of character or self will when she took the place at the gun of her fallen husband?

Did the Maid of Sarragossa or Joan of Arc lack strong self will and power?

Had Grace Darling no force of character or will when she manned the life boat at a time when her father's heart failed him?

Were there more women and men too who would exercise the force of character they *do* possess, there would be a more elevated state of society. The politics of the country would be lifted above the mere squabble of the leaders, and the contest would be for intelligence and real worth, and not for the one who will most fully repay from the "barl" the labors of the strong, self-willed lords of creation.

At the recent election how many of these strong, self-willed men, possessed of such force of character, understood fully for whom and what they voted?

How many understand even the meaning of the word tariff? Many with whom I am acquainted voted and did not know the duties of the candidates for State officers, favored hard money, and at the same time were voting for Greenback candidates.

The laws of the land prevented women—live, thinking women, who make the world better by their labors—from voting; and placed the ballot within the reach of such men, because they had strong force of character and self will.

May God speed the day when women will be allowed to vote and have a voice in the councils of the Nation, as well as many men who are vastly her inferior in intelligence, morality, self-will, and strong force of character. LOIS.

Marrying for a Home.

I have been very much interested in the discussions in this paper concerning women who marry for homes, and so wish to have my say on the subject. How much better is it, dear girls, to sell your self to a man for a home, than it would be for money only? Do not think of such a thing. I have seen some such marriages among my friends and know to what unhappiness and misery it leads, and consider it only legalized prostitution, which you will probably consider strong language.

I can see no sense in a woman being dependant on her friends, when there are so many ways open by which she can earn her living and can command respect too by so doing.

My father was a poor man and I began clothing myself when I was 15, and continued to do so until I was 24, when I married. My friends often wondered at my independence, as I was the only daughter but I did not lose "caste" in any way and I believe I had more "good times" than most girls. One of the dearest friends I ever had is an old maid about my mother's age, and if there is any one who wields a more powerful influence for good over young people than she, I do not know who it is. She is a teacher. If some of those who married for homes had remained single and lived such lives as she is living, "the world would be the better for it."

If I have a dozen boys and girls each shall be taught a trade or shall have some way of supporting themselves so that if the time ever comes that it is necessary for them to "paddle their own canoes," even if the sea is rough and the boat open, they shall have at least a compass and oars. DUGOUT DWELLER.

Excellent Suggestion.

Scattered all over our land are women, who from necessity or choice, would like some occupation that would not consume all their time, and yet be the means of combining "pleasure and profit." I think there is nothing that so nearly fills this want as poultry raising, (and I speak from experience). I do not mean the common or mongrel breed; mine are Plymouth Rocks, and this year while my neighbors have no eggs I have plenty to sell. To me it is a real pleasure to look after, buy and sell and care for my flock. True, it takes a few dollars to get a good stock, but you can more than make it up the first year by selling your surplus stock. By careful feeding in winter we have plenty of eggs, and a roast that is second to none either in weight or flavor. Fowls, if carefully tended to, do not need a large run, but will do well in a small yard. If some of you will try poultry raising this coming year, I will be glad to hear of your success through the BLADE.

GRACE NOLMES.

The above is a practical idea which pleases us exceedingly. If all who have discovered some one thing which woman can do, and especially women with families, by which they can derive both pleasure and profit, will write to THE HOUSEHOLD, they may perhaps, do more good than they are aware of. Among the hundreds of thousands of the readers of the BLADE, there may be one or several to whom their suggestion will be a God send.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Such Nice Muffins.

Not that we want to brag, but really we have had the nicest muffins this cold Winter that any of us ever saw, and we just chanced to blunder on the way of making them, too. The way it came about was that the buckwheat flour gave out one night before the batter we were setting was thick enough, and we finished thickening with white corn meal. It was good, and we kept on experimenting, until now we don't want to try any further. And this is the way we do: Put one dry yeast cake into a quart of warm water; when dissolved make a thin batter with corn meal and stand in a warm place until it is light and foamy. Then, just as we are ready to begin baking the muffins we put into this less than a level teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a teacupful of warm water, stir it up and add wheat flour sufficient to make the batter the right consistency. Such cakes! Such praise! To be eaten with maple syrup and butter, or meat, or whatever you choose. We were glad to find this out, and we haste to tell it to the largest crowd of women we know of. We have learned a great many new things since we visited the BLADE HOUSEHOLD the last time. We have often wondered if chicken could be canned at home successfully, so that if one were tired, or in a hurry, a can could be opened, the contents brought to boiling heat, and fixed with cream and butter, and poured over a little panful of hot biscuits split open. Does any one know from experience?

ROSELLA RICE.

Expressions of Opinion.

"Ned," Peru, Kansas, thus expresses himself:

"Brunette," calls herself a Western girl What if she lived in Kansas? Our State is the center one of the United States. She delights in dancing and playing cards I believe she will take that back and say she likes to dance and play cards. She would not vote if she could. I think if she happened to be along with some friends at a school meeting and they voted, she would too, and not think much about it. So if she happened to be in town on election day with her brother, she would hand in her ticket just as modestly as she would hand a letter to the Postmaster and think no more of it. Women have done much for prohibition in our State, if they did not vote at the fall election, and I wish they could just have their way with whisky here for about a month."

"School Marm Lois" writes from Mansfield, Ill.:

"I want to endorse "Wm. O'Connor's" article on teaching—what he said in regard to what books teachers should read. There is one book which I think would help every one, teacher or not, and that is "Emerson's Essays." So many lack confidence in themselves, but if they read those essays, particularly the one on "Self Reliance," they will most certainly feel that it is their duty not only to their pupils and themselves but to mankind, to cultivate self confidence in all things.

Make your school rooms as pleasant and beautiful as possible, be the friend of each one of your pupils, encourage their confidence, be to them a helper as well as teacher, and you will have no trouble.

I am glad to hear "F. S. White" talk as he does."

"Carrie R. Chappell" says:

"I have always imagined that some day I'd like to seek "sunnier" climes. Since the BLADE goes to so many different places, some of them must be able to tell me something about affairs, and perhaps others of the HOUSEHOLD would like to know also. Until a different sentiment is shown than is held there just now, or the right one, it would do no good for me to go. It is not likely that one whose father sleeps in an unknown grave, because of the "principles that Lee and Jackson fought for," who sees many a strong man a wreck, because of those principles, will look on them with a too careless eye, and care nothing how things go on. We do not deny that many a good man went into the Lost Cause, but since it is a lost cause why parade it before the country.

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I have changed my name since last writing, and have "a wee hame o' me ain" to attend, but shall never do as "Colorado" advises, for if I share my husband's troubles it is only fair he should share mine; as we are one, let us be one. Where are all our old friends? They cannot have all vanished like mist. Who knows what my name used to be?"

"Minnie" writes:

"I would like some recipes for good plain soup. Opinions on matrimony and female suffrage appear to be always in order, so I will give mine briefly, though I fear my views on the first mentioned subject will not meet your approval. Since I became of age to form an opinion of my own, it has been my ambition to marry a man in good circumstances and twice or three times my own age, my theory being that old men generally make fond and indulgent husbands, while young men, on the contrary, often develop into exacting, tyrannical masters. I speak thus partly from observation, as some of my young lady friends have married elderly gentlemen, and the world has predicted all manner of evil as the result, and yet they are living happily together, united by true affection, while others who married men of nearly their own age, and of whom the world has said that it was an excellent match, they were well suited, etc., would now give a great deal to be freed from the fetters which press heavily upon them. I think that every intelligent woman should be able to vote.

Inquiries.

I wish to ask if any member of THE HOUSEHOLD could furnish me with a copy of the poem entitled "Be Kind to Thy Father." Address, F. F. A., Box 4, Morts Mills, Kan.

I will consider it a great favor if you will allow me to inquire through your paper whether any of its readers who may be afflicted with deafness, have ever used the Dentaphone, and with what success? I received a Dentaphone some months ago but it fails to benefit my hearing. I would be pleased if any one having one would write me a postal card expressing their opinion of it.—S. A. HENRY, Box 1,323, Meadville, Penn.

Will some of the sisters please tell me how to color Cochineal? How much will it take to color 1 pound of cloth or yarn? Also how to wash a gentleman's scarf made of Germantown yarn, of different colors, so it will not fade?—M. E. B.

It appears to me that all the members of THE HOUSEHOLD bring their troubles and perplexities, so I will state mine, which is the existence of several moles on my face. I have given but very little thought to them until lately. Now I find they are growing larger, and I would like to rid myself of them. If any of THE HOUSEHOLD can inform me how to do so I shall be most grateful to them and yourself, dear Editor.—MINNIE.

Will some of the kind readers of the HOUSEHOLD please give me some information in regard to the culture of flax for the seed, as to the manner of preparing the ground, time of sowing, also, amount of seed per acre in sowing, etc? Also best method of cutting and preserving for market? What is the general average per acre?—T. R.

Where can I get some good patterns, such as for overalls and for every day dresses that are not too hard to iron. I want some, and will send size if any one can tell me where to get them. If any one would like to know how to cook vegetables I will try and tell them.—CARRIE R. CHAPPELL, North Prairie, Wis.

I have long wanted to go to the South to teach school, but knowing no one there I have remained north doing my duty as teacher. Will F. S. White please give the wages a teacher receives; also a good place to which I could go?—SCHOOL MARM LOIS, Mansfield, Ill.

Answers to Inquiries.

If "School Girl" will send her address and a three cent stamp I will send her the verses of "Please Father Come Home."—H. E. RYAN, Cornland, Logan Co., Ill.

Seeing a piece from a sister requesting help for Neuralgia, or the use of Morphia I feel a sympathy as I have suffered likewise. If she really desires the benefit within reach she will please send me a private note to which I will respond with pleasure.—Mrs. P. M. HULL, Blue Spring Gaze Co., Neb.

Jayhawker, Mulvane, Kas., wished a recipe for making soap with concentrated lye. I make all our soap here, by this rule, and it is nice. Please report success if tried. Dissolve 1 pound of potash or lye in ¼ gallon of rain water. Pour into an earthen vessel to cool, and when cold add 5 lbs of melted grease, and have the grease milk warm. Pour the cold lye in very slowly and stir the grease rapidly till it thickens. Add 1 ounce of any kind of perfumery if you wish it for toilet soap. Pour this into a tight box, cover the box four days, then cut up to dry.—Mrs. C. F. Fisher, Alexandria, Arizona.

I will tell Mary Adams how my mother used to keep knives from rusting when not in common use. Her method was to rub them with whiting and then wrap them up in flannel and keep in a dry place, and she was not troubled with rust. —P. H. D.

The person asking for the poem entitled, "The Hoosier's Nest," can be accommodated by sending address and stamps.—J. M. YOUNG, Box 95, Bryan, Ohio.

Will some one of the readers of the BLADE correct the sentence, "The space between the three roads is intended for a parade ground?"—J. ROBT. MCCUTCHEON, Craigsville, Augusta Co., Va.

"Silver Pen" will find the melody, "Bye, Baby, Bye, Here's a Fly," etc., in McGuffey's Second Eclectic Reader; also many other nice little stories for children. From a little Second Reader girl.—GEORGIE L. HEMENS, Michigan Center, Mich.

Recipes.

HOW TO START A FIRE.

Please tell those that have been starting fires with coal oil by pouring it on the fuel, to put it in an old cup and lay in some cobs or sycamore balls, and when they want to start a fire, lay one of the cobs or balls in, and they can make a fire readily, without any risk of losing their lives.—PINKIE LYDEL.

FOR FROSTED FEET.

Take one bushel well pressed down dry white oak leaves, or any of the white oak species, and boil them well in soft water until the strength is out and bathe the frosted parts in the juice twice a day for a week.—M. N., Mattheson, Kan.

A Little Political Grammar.

Buffalo Express.

"Successor is the comparative of success," remarked Secretary Evarts looking at Senator Blaine at a state dinner the other night.

A Church in a Tree.

Olympia (W. T.) Transcript.

A hollow tree on Puget Sound has been cut off 40 feet from the ground, and made into a church.

St. Louis Republican.

It is very rare that the *Republican* consents to editorially forward the interests of advertisers of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacobs Oil from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartily recommend it.

Our Young Folks.

THE WOULD-BE TRAVELLERS.

BY MARIAN DOUGLASS.

ARTHUR.

Oh, if I only had a pair
Of Indian snow shoes I could wear,
The storms might beat, the winds might blow,
Across the drifts I'd northward go,
And see the Northland's splendid sights—
The red, and green and yellow lights,
That up the sky at night-time stream,
The icebergs on the sea that gleam,
And, peering from his hut of snow,
In walrus-coat, the Esquimau;
And with my loud hurrah I'd scare
From out his den the grizzly bear.

BERTHA.

And, if I only had a boat,
I'd spread my sail, and eastward float,
And see the far-off Eastern lands,
The palm-trees, and the desert sands;
The camels and the caravans;
Tall shining towers, and curious Towns,
And men with shining turbans on, and gowns;
And bring home, lovely to behold,
A charming dress of cloth-of-gold.

DICK.

And, if I only had a horse,
I'd westward, westward take my course;
With flying feet and floating mane
He'd gallop with me o'er the plain;
As lightly as the wind we'd pass
Across the waving prairie-grass.
And strange, tall blossoms, blue and red,
Would nod about my horse's head.

ELSIE.

And, if I had some wings to fly,
I'd southard soar along the sky,
And see the Southland all aglow
With roses, when with us there's snow;
And flutter down to rest me, where
The starry myrtle scents the air,
And humming birds dart out and in
The blossoms of the jessamine;
Where his green mate the parrot calls,
And oranges, like golden balls,
Hang on the boughs I'd spend the hours
In gathering figs and plucking flowers.

LITTLE SUSY.

Oh, if you want to, and you can,
I'm willing you should roam,
But I'm dear mother's little girl,
I'll stay with her at home.

—*The Nursery.*

For the Blade

KATIE'S SIGNAL.

BY QUILL PEN.

I am going to tell you a story of a little girl no older than you are, not so old as some of you, who—once upon a time—did a very brave deed, and, although it never got into print before—and I'm not certain it will now—still I think she was quite a little heroine.

Others, those who knew her better than I, think so too; perhaps you, also, may, when you hear the story. Somewhere from the center of New York State, two young farmers, with their families, moved west and "located" land under the "Homestead law." Your papa will tell you what the "Homestead law" is. These young farmers were brave, strong men. A little inclined to recklessness were they, and not at all did they realize the danger of settling upon the remote frontier. So they pushed ahead into the very midst of the wilderness.

The hardy frontiersmen left behind, shook their heads and called the young men "Foolhardy." The wives too trembled, with vague foreboding. Moored in the great western wilds, without friends or neighbors, with many privations, animated only by that hopeful courage which so often—alas!—belongs to youth alone, the two young wives clung to each other like sisters, and shared with each other each project, each apprehension. The children of the two families were Mr. Morgan's Charlie, aged eight, and Mr. Steele's little daughter Katie, aged 6 These were good playmates and comrades.

The cabins were only a little distance apart, built strongly of logs, with thick plank doors, barred with stout bolts of ironwood. In the last stages of their westward journey, they had heard numerous stories of Indian cruelty and treachery, and although they had treated it as a bugbear, they had fortified a little, "to please the women," they said to each other, but I think they felt quite as comfortable themselves to know that everything was as secure as they could make it.

Charlie and Katie played all the long Summer in Woodland haunts. They hunted birds' nests. They watched the bright-eyed, nimble squirrels. They started the wild deer from shady thickets, with many a merry hurrah. They carried home roots and berries in abundance, and the wild flowers grew so near, strange, beautiful, gleaming in forms and colors so unlike the favorites in the Eastern homes, yet lending to the rude cabins their grace of fragrance and beauty. Then there were huge brush heaps to be piled, ready for the torch; and little hands, if they are busy ones, can do a great deal, so they really helped their parents more than they ever suspected.

One night Charlie's papa came home from a long, tedious journey to the distant trading post where he had been to obtain supplies for the two families, and he brought each of the children a clear mellow-sounding horn. While they were busy tooting upon them, and the women were dividing the stores he had brought, he called Katie's father out to the little log stable, and while they cared for the team, told him in low, hushed words, that which drove the color from Mr. Steele's ruddy cheeks and sent a pang to to his heart. Mr. Morgan had heard at the settlement of a massacre by the Indians, where two or three had settled together, in the manner of himself and friends. The men were killed, the women and children carried away, and he had been warned in unmistakable terms, by the bluff, plain spoken traders, that they were risking lives and property by remaining so far away from the fort, where a military arm might be stretched forth to protect them, if need be. The men talked it over, fastening the stables meanwhile, more securely than usual, for the sense of danger was strong upon them. "We will not tell the girls," said they, meaning their wives, "until we have laid some plan to act upon," and then they went in to supper, which was at Mr. Morgan's for both families. The men tried to be cheerful and unconcerned, but the very effort betrayed them to the keen-eyed wives. And long silences fell around the board, which had never lacked for social cheer before. So they seperated for the night, each with a burdened mind.

The next day the men met early to form their plans and with an obstinate courage decided, not to leave their little clearing, but to unite to form one household, leaving in the other cabin only such things as the Indians would hardly care to molest, unless they burned the cabin. They planned a rude fortress to their little stable where their one team—owned together—was kept. So the wives were told. The removal was made, Mr. Steele's family moving in with Mr. Morgan's. Day after day and week after week went by, each night with its careful precautions, each morning with its watchful outlook, and the long day filled with apprehension. Still the dreaded attack came not. Charlie and Katie, kept from their romps in the woods, devised wild plans of warfare to outwit the savages, and they learned to load guns, and to run bullets that they too might be useful in time of danger.

They had agreed upon a signal if the Indians came to be sounded upon their horns, which hung by buckskin thongs about their necks. Five toots upon the tiny horn was a signal that the foe was upon them, and so earnestly and urgently did they impress it upon the elder ones' minds, that they too at last, agreed to the signal.

It was a beautiful day in October, and the blue haze, mellowed and goldened by the Autumn sunshine, hung like a mist above the little clearing. An unusual bustle and activity surrounded and pervaded the cabin of the Morgans. The wee baby brother that God had sent to Katie was a month old upon that day, and charmed by the lovely weather, the children had begged for a supper, out in the shade of the trees that overhung the cabin, with baby boy for chief guest. Again and again they overlooked the arrangements. By and bye Katie seemed to need a want. "If I only have my little blue mug," she said. "Of course baby couldn't really drink out of it, but it would look as though we fixed things for him, wouldn't it Charlie?" and Charlie, who was busy peeling sassafras roots, answered back that he "thought it would."

"Mamma," cried Katie, rushing into the house, "can I go over to our house and get my mug? I want it for baby, you see."

The children had often visited the other cabin, and supposing Charlie was going with her as usual, Katie's mother gave her consent, cautioning her to hurry back.

"You needn't come, Charlie," called Katie, as he lazily arose to follow. "I'm going to run all the way there and back, for your papa and mine are coming, and Jennie got the roots to peel for Auntie," as she called her mother.

Away she ran, nimble-footed, light of figure, her bright golden curls floating back from her shoulders, her lips overflowing with a merry little song, she was so happy. She reached the cabin, which stood half hidden in the trees at the edge of the clearing. With all the force of her tiny hands she pushed open the bar, concealed from all but those who knew its use, and the great bolt inside creaked and moved from the door which swung open to admit her. Then the color left her bright face, the merry sparkle died in her eyes, and the happy song left her lips for many a long day.

She was rushing into a group of Indians, who stood within the room, apparently in surprise at the intrusion, yet with an air of horrible triumph. Katie thought of Charlie, of the dear baby brother, of father and mother, and, lastly, of her home and the *signal*. Then she turned with a cry for the open air. They sprang toward her, but the horn was already to her lips; one blast, a rough hand attempted to seize her: another blast, a rude blow fell upon the other arm; another, and she was caught. O! but two more! She bent low to the ground and gave another—a quick breath; her horn was being taken. O, could she not give the warning? With frantic courage she clung with an upward clasp and on tiptoe finished the signal, and her eyes beheld the fatal gleam of the scalping knife. A sharp stinging pain overpowered her, and she knew no more. The bright, golden head was wounded and torn, and lying covered with blood upon the ground.

In the meantime the men who had before discovered the Indians had reached the other cabin, and in excitement had barred their stable, and rapidly entered the back door, which they turned and secured. Going to the opposite door they called to Charlie to come within.

"Where is Katie?" asked Mr. Steele.

"Gone over to the cabin," answered Charlie.

"Alone?" cried Mrs. Steele, as she saw Charlie.

Her husband groaned, and Mr. Morgan said:

"The Indians are near the clearing."

All sprang to the window to see Katie—in time to see her push the bolt from the door. Then she paused and turned with a cry, for the open air, the Indians in pursuit. Mrs. Steele fell to the floor, and Charlie screamed as the first note of the fatal signal reached them.

The men examined their guns for one brief instant, and the father beheld in proud, terrible anguish, the resolute courage of his little one A groan broke from him as the scalping-knife descended, and Mr. Morgan barred the window, shutting the fearful sight out. Mr. Steele sprang blindly to the door, groping at its fastenings, to go to his child, but Mr. Morgan held him back.

"It is well with Katie," he said, in reverent sorrow: "out God help the living."

So they watched through the loop-hole, Mr. Morgan sternly resisting the oft repeated attempt of his friend to go for the little one's body. They saw the Indians enter the forest; they heard their shouts of malignant triumph, and then a silence came, and the twilight fell; but the gloom of night had not descended before smoke curled out from behind the cabin they had apparently left, and a bright glare soon illumined the clearing. Another flash, the stable was in flames. Tremblingly the little band within the cabin of the Morgans awaited what they felt convinced was their hour of doom: but often the rifles of the men rang out, shar

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Worms in Hogs.

To the Editor of the Farm:

Having discovered something about hogs that is new and strange to me, I write to you to see if you can give me any light on the subject. I have some shoats about four months old. Two of them died recently without any apparent sickness. The last one that died I threw out on the pen and my dogs partly ate it. I noticed it to-day, and upon examination I discovered several large, white worms in the liver. They are the same as are usually found in the intestines. I did not see any in the intestines. The pig was very fat when it died. I would be much obliged if you could tell me through your Farm Department the cause and remedy for the above disease.

C. K.

Mule Creek P. O., Ellsworth Co., Kan.

Give your hogs plenty of soft coal house ashes and salt, so they can run to them all the time, and they will not be troubled with worms, but will keep well and thrive rapidly. They should have plenty of clean water to drink, and be kept out of the mud, with a good place to sleep in.

Fattening Hogs.

To the Editor of the Farm.

Please inform me in regard to the number of bushels of corn required to make a hog weigh 300 lbs. Understand me to speak of a good, thrifty hog, and the feeding to commence at the time of weaning.

SAMUEL M. LEWIS.

Fairfield, Neb., Jan. 20.

If the hog is thrifty when weaned at five or six weeks old, and well taken care of from that time until ready for the knife, 10 bushels will do it, if ground and fed properly, with plenty of clean water and salt to run to. He ought to then weigh from 250 to 300 pounds.

How to Train Collies.

In reading the various sporting journals of the day I frequently see articles upon the subject of educating and training setters, pointers and sporting dogs generally, but can not remember seeing anything upon the educating and training of my favorite dog, their non-sporting brother the Scotch collie, who in his sphere is as useful and valuable as any member of the canine race. And now since the success of the collie trials held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, at Philadelphia, in the latter part of September, and as it is more than likely that they will be repeated another year, and that other agricultural societies will follow suit and inaugurate them as one of the attractions of their shows, I think it will not be amiss to give you my ideas in regard to their education and training.

I have owned collies all my life—good, useful and well-trained dogs—and in my walks and drives they are my constant companions. Master collie is a mischievous and fun loving rascal, and even when well trained this love of mischief will show itself. There is now curled up at my feet one of the handsomest collies in America. She has been shown at several bench shows and has always been placed, and besides is a first-rate worker on stock. She is always under my buggy when I am driving, "except" sometimes I allow two others to follow for a frolic and exercise. Now, here the "except" comes in. If by chance this crew spy a cur on the road the mother collie will be off like a shot; out she goes from under the buggy, passing between the front wheels and the horse, throws her head back and gives a sharp, quick bark or two, as much as to say, "Come on, Punch and Judy, here's fun for us," and away they all go like a thunderbolt, until the cur is overhauled and tumbled about in the dust. Well, it's all over in a jiffy, and they come trotting back, I suppose laughing to themselves. I point my finger at her and say, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Her head goes down, tail between her legs, she smacks her chops, whines, "Yes, but it was so much fun I could not resist the temptation; I'll not do so again—until next time," and next time the same thing is repeated.

For the first six months or so the puppy is allowed to do pretty much as he pleases, so long as he keeps his long nose out of the cabbage pot, doesn't suck the eggs or worry the pets, for Master Collie is a busy body, and is nearly always in some kind of devilry; but even at an earlier age than this the collie may sometimes be seen gathering the chickens in a corner of the lot and manuvering them as his ma does the sheep.

As a general rule we commence their education about the tenth month of the puppy's age, but we sometimes see them younger than this working stock like old stagers. I have one in my eye now that at five months old would go to the pasture field, containing about 60 acres, drive out the cows and bring them home, a distance of over one mile. At six months old she was working sheep and obeying every sign and motion of her master.

The first thing I do is to make the dog love me. I treat him kindly, never kick nor strike him and never deceive him. I talk to him and pet him until he knows every word I say. There is a great deal, I assure you, in this "love me." When he loves me and understands me I take him into a room and there teach him to follow close to heel, to stop at a whistle, to lie down when told, to go forward by motion of hand and to either right or left. I always stop my dogs with a whistle, to attract their attention before giving an order by mouth or hand.

When I consider my youngster housebroken; that is, when he obeys my motions and whistle, I take him with sheep, confined in a lane, and allow him to drive them with me, and by motions I keep him moving from one side of the lane to the other. When we are at the end of the land I say "around them," motioning the way up the side and go with him and show him. When round them I stop him with a whistle, make him lie down, and leave him; I then go in front of the sheep and tell him to "bring them along." If he comes too close to the sheep I stop him with a whistle and say, "keep wiser—or "slower." These lessons I repeat until I consider him nearly perfect in driving up and down the lane. I then commence to teach him to go from where I stand at one end of the lane to the other and bring the sheep to me. This I do by motioning the way and saying "Far away;" and if he does not go I go with him and show him what to do. When behind the sheep, I make him lie down, and go to the spot where I first gave the order and whistle him to bring them along. When he does this work to my satisfaction, I then allow him to go to the fields to drive the sheep from pasture, and here I repeat all my former lessons to him: I teach him to jump back and forth over a fence, and to bark when told, but never to bite; and when he attempts to use his teeth I punish him. Now, as to punishment, as I said at first, I never kick nor strike. I catch the collie around his nose and give him a shake or a light tap on the ear with my hand, and a cross word will cower him at once.

There is one thing I never like to do; that is, to commence working my puppy on cattle. As a general rule it will not do, as the dog becomes too severe, and it gives much trouble to break him of this habit. I commence first on sheep, and when he will work them carefully I can then allow him to drive other stock.

Now one other point and I am through. The old adage, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," applies to master collie. If you wish your dog thoroughly trained only one must work him, and that one I insist must be patient and teach him quietly and gently. If you wish him spoiled and made worthless, allow the whole family to work him, and you will succeed in this admirably.—*Collie, in Forest and Stream.*

Great Danger Menacing Our Herds.

The attention of the Agricultural Department has quite recently been invited to a new and alarming danger which menaces the West by the introduction among its vast herds of cattle of calves tainted with pleuro-pneumonia. Several of these calves have been found to be suffering from some form of lung disease, which, in the particular instance alluded to, was pronounced bronchitis.

A gentleman conversant with the whole subject said to night that while he would not unnecessarily create an alarm, yet he feels certain that the disease will soon reach the West, if not there already. "Then," said he, "there will be no possibility of getting rid of it. England has spent immense sums of money in stamping pleuro-pneumonia out of that little island, and it has not yet been accomplished. In Australia it has got firm foothold among the myriads of cattle in the great plains of the interior, and now no human power can drive it out. There was a time when the British Government could easily have dealt with it, but, like our own Congress at the present time, it preferred to trifle with the question until the evil was beyond remedy. Where a few thousand dollars might have prevented its spread a few years ago, millions would now avail nothing."

"Do you think anything will be done at this Congress in the direction of putting a check to the advance of this scourge," was asked.

"I fear not, for the reason that it seems impossible to bring our legislators to realize the sense of their danger. Men will squabble over political matters of not a straw's value to the country, and squander millions where it is not needed, but it is doubtful if $100,000 can be got to stop an evil which in five years may destroy our cattle trade, and lay the foundation of vast expenditures in the future."

Raising Ducks and Turkeys.

Mr. Knapp, a prominent New York market man, says: "Size and weight are wanted in turkeys; and that reminds me that the newspapers ought to impress the country people with the necessity of improving their poultry stock. Breeding in and-in is ruining poultry; every year the stock we receive is deteriorating, and this is the cause. I would give some striking examples from my experience of 40 years in the business: Some years ago we poulterers thought that ducks were going to disappear from bills of fare altogether; they were tasteless, worthless birds which people avoided. On Long Island a farmer made experiments in breeding with an old Muscovite drake, tough as an alligator, and the common duck. The result was superb, and changed the whole duck history.

If the farmer of Southern New Jersey, the sandy country best suited to turkeys, would bring from the West a few hundred wild turkeys, we should have an immediate improvement. I see no such turkeys now as we had 20 years ago. The breast is narrow and the body runs to length; it is all neck and legs, and can be bought by the yard. Rhode Island sends us the best turkeys, but they are not what they used to be. If, instead of attempting to beat nature at her own game, the rich men who have money to spend would devote it to better breeding, there would be an improvement. I do not despair of seeing immense farms wholly devoted to raising better poultry than we yet have had."

A SINGULAR PEOPLE.

They Have No History or Traditions.

From "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan."

The Ainos have no history. Their traditions are scarcely worthy the name. They claim descent from a dog. Their houses and persons swarm with vermin. They are sunk in the grossest ignorance. They have no letters or any numbers above 1,000. They are clothed in the bark of trees and the untanned skins of beasts. They worship the bear, the sun, moon, fire, water, and I know not what. They are uncivilized and altogether irreclaimable savages, yet they are attractive and in some ways fascinating, and I hope I never shall forget the music of their low, sweet voices, the soft light of their mild brown eyes, and the wonderful sweetness of their smile. After the yellow skins, the stiff horsehair, the feeble eyelids, the elongated eyes, the sloping eyebrows, the flat noses, the sunken chests, the Mongolian features, the puny physique, the shaky walk of the men, the restricted totter of the women, and the general impression of degeneracy conveyed by the appearance of the Japanese, the Ainos make a very singular impression. All but two or three that I have seen are the most ferocious looking of savages, with a physique vigorous enough for carrying out the most ferocious intentions; but, as soon as they speak, the countenance brightens into a smile as gentle as that of a woman—something which can never be forgotten. The men are about the middle hight, broad-chested, broad shouldered, thick set, very strongly built, the arms and legs short, thick and muscular, the hands and feet large. The bodies, and especially the limbs of many, are covered with short, bristly hair. I have seen two boys whose backs were covered with fur as fine and soft as that of a cat. The foreheads are very high, broad and prominent, and at first sight give one an impression of an unusual capacity for intellectual development. The ears are small and set low, the noses are straight but short and broad at the nostrils, the mouths are wide but well formed, and the lips rarely show a tendency to fullness. The neck is short, the cranium rounded, the cheek bones low and the lower part of the face is smaller as compared with the upper. The eyebrows are full and form a straight line nearly across the face. The eyes are large, tolerably deep set and very beautiful. The skin has the Italian olive tint, but in most cases is thin and light enough to show the color in the cheek. The feature, expression and aspect are European rather than Asiatic. The ferocious savagery of the appearance of the man is produced by a profusion of thick, soft, black hair divided in the middle and falling in heavy masses nearly to the shoulders. The beards equally profuse, quite magnificent and generally wavy, and in case of the old men they give a truly patriarchal and venerable aspect, in spite of the yellow tinge produced by smoke and want of cleanliness.

The Aino women seldom exceed five feet and a half in hight, but they are beautifully formed, straight, lithe and well developed, with small feet and hands, well arched insteps, rounded limbs, well developed busts, and a firm, elastic gait. Their heads and faces are small, but the hair which falls in masses on each side of the face like that of the men, is equally redundant. They have superb teeth, and display them liberally in smiling. Their mouths are somewhat wide but well formed, and they have a ruddy comeliness about them which is pleasing in spite of the disfigurement of the band, which is tattooed above and below the mouth, and which, by being united at the corners, enlarges its apparent size and width. A girl at Shiroai, who for some reason has not been subjected to this process, is the most beautiful creature in features, coloring and natural grace of person that I have seen in a long time. Their complexions are lighter than those of the men. There are not many here even as dark as our European brunettes.

Postal Telegraphy Demanded.

Chicago News.

The only opposition which a bill providing for the establishment of a Government Telegraph system will meet in Congress will be from some narrow minded Democratic Congressmen, who will see in it another step in the direction of centralization. The business people of the country demand a postal telegraph system, and if the Democrats in Congress can not conscientiously vote for it the people will send representatives in their places whose consciences will permit them to vote against monopolies.

The Sunday School.

The Preaching of John the Baptist.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance.—Luke 3: 8.

LESSON TEXT.

Luke 3: 7-18.

7. Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? 8. Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentence, and begin not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. 9. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree that bringeth forth not good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. 10. And the people asked him, saying, what shall we do then? 11. He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise. 12. Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do? 13. And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you. 14. And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages. 15. And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not. 16. John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. 17. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable. 18. And many other things in his exhortation preached he unto the people.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Who hath warned you (v. 7.)—A man left to himself will go to the devil. If he turns away from his sin, it is because of some outside pressure. The attraction of gravitation is seen in souls as well as in all material things. They fall by their own weight. If you see them going upwards, you may be sure that a strong hand or a strong wind has been under them to start them in that direction. Sinners need to be warned of their danger. The responsibility is on us to warn others, and to heed the warnings which come to us. Who has warned you? Whom have you warned?

Bring forth . . . fruits worthy of repentance (v. 8.)—The real thing always shows itself. Whether it is love, or friendship, or generosity or gratitude, or trust, or repentance, it will evidence its genuineness in something more than profession. There are shams and realities in all these spheres, and the differences between them will stand out in the long run. There is a great deal of sorrow over sin and over sinning that is not repentance. The guilty prisoner is sorry that he got caught. The guilty man who hasn't got caught is sorry that so much of evil and trouble comes of his wrong doing. There is sorrow because of the results of sin in every sinner's soul. But that is not repentance. Repentence is the turning away of the soul from sin as sin, it is the turning toward something better than sin. This state of mind will show itself in conduct that gives proof of sincerity. Sinful courses will be abandoned. Reparation will be made. A new course of living will be adopted. In word and in action there will be fruits worthy of the name of repentance. Has your penitence showed itself in such ways?

Begin not to say, . . . We have Abraham to our father. It was not that the Jews were to disown their descent from Abraham but that they were not to rely on that descent as their means of salvation. There is a great deal of this looking to one's stock or to one's surroundings as a hope of heaven. One thinks that his mother's prayers will save him. Another that his church membership is a fair ground of confidence. Another that his being included in a good congregation will sweep him over danger. Every expectation of this sort is as much more foolish than the confidence of the Jews in their earthly parentage. Begin not to say anything of the kind in your heart as a source of hope; and if you have begun to say it, quit it forthwith, and find something to rest in that will stand the test to which your faith must finally be subjected.

The people asked him, . . . What shall we do? (v. 10.)—That was a practical question. It showed that that preacher had stirred up his hearers. And if the preacher could't answer that question now that he had provoked it, he had better stop preaching. Preaching never amounts to much until it arouses the hearers to ask what is their duty in order that they do it. And a preacher never amounts to much who cannot tell his hearers what their duty is when they want to know it. The real test of hearing is not one's satisfaction with the preacher, but one's dissatisfaction with himself. Do you know what your duty is? Are you doing it? Have your hearers asked you what their duty is? Could you tell them if they ask you?

He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none (v. 11.)—A man doesn't need to be rich before he shows whether he is generous or not. Nor is a man's generosity to be limited to one-tenth of his income. Dividing one's scantiest store with others is a duty, quite as clearly as giving out of one's abundance. A great many wish they were rich in order that they might be generous; but unless one gives freely while he has little, he could not give freely if he had much. Generosity often diminishes with one's growing wealth; it never increases with one's worldly accumulations. And mark you, the giving which tells in God's ears is giving to the destitute; not giving to friends and relatives who already have something. Most of the holiday giving, and the birthday giving, and the free-hearted and open-handed giving, in this this world, is to those who are already well-to-do in life. That is all very well in its way—as a means of pure personal enjoyment: but it is not charity, nor any sign of a love toward God. If you would show that you are God's children, and would do your duty as in God's sight, let him that hath two coats give to him that hath none, and let him that hath meat do likewise.

Publicans, . . . Exact no more than that which is appointed you. . . . Soldiers, . . . Do no violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages (vs. 12-14.) It was one thing for one class, and another thing for another class, that John named as a test of a right spirit in the professed penitent. But after all it amounted to this, Do your own duty in your own sphere. What is another man's duty his business. What is your duty is your business. Mind your business. And the counsel for then is the counsel for now. The words of the preacher to the Jews and Romans of 18 centuries ago are timely words for American and English Christians to-day. Share your clothing and your crusts with the destitute; claim nothing more than belongs to you; do no violence to anybody; neither slander nor misrepresent any human being; and be contented to earn and to receive the pay you have agreed to work for. Who can say that he needs no reminder of duty in either of these lines of personal conduct? He who cannot would do well to hear and heed the call of the preacher in the wilderness.

But one mightier than I cometh (v. 16.)—There would be little comfort in the words of the preacher if this were not the case. A lesser one than John could call sinners to repentance; but a great deal mightier one than John is needed to forgive sinners when they have repented. Repentance is not in itself salvation. He who has repented of his sins is all the more desirous of being forgiven and saved. The preacher who has aroused the sinner to a sense of his guilt and danger is by no means a Savior. What then is the sinner's hope? It is voiced in in the preacher's assuring cry, "One mightier than I cometh." He who can save sinners follows him, who can at the best only call sinners to repentance. Every preacher and every teacher has a John-the-Baptist work to do for sinners, and no part of that work is more important than that of telling those who are penitent that there is One, and One only, who can save them.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Two Traveling Americans.

Rev. H. R. Haweas in the Gentleman's Magazine.

One thing is certain, that Mr. Lowell avoided traveling as other Americans are said to travel—seeing everything and looking at nothing—or, worse still, making notes, as they rush from place to place on the "Continong," of what they have neither seen nor looked at. I remember myself meeting two such enterprising travelers when I was last in Rome. They were standing opposite the "Apolo Belvidere" in the Vatican. One held a guide-book with pencil, and read; the other mastered, as rapidly as he could the labels on each pedestal.

"Wal, what's the next?" says the friend with the guide-book. "That," says his friend, stooping down to examine the label; "that's the 'Pollo Belvidere." "Chalk 'im off," says his friend with the pencil, and both passed on without even raising their eyes to the Sun-god!

THE BOSTON WOMAN'S BANK.

The Creditors Favor Defending Sarah E. Howe, and Subscribe Money Therefor.

Boston Globe.

In response to an advertisement which appeared in a daily paper of Thursday, a large number of the depositors in the famous Woman's Bank assembled at No. 86 Dover street yesterday to discuss their relative interests in the case of the Government vs. Mrs. Sarah E. Howe. They were all actuated by a feeling of friendship toward that lady, and believe that she is to-day a persecuted woman, and they are by no means the ignorant deluded women they have been represented to be. Some of the ladies are business women, some are college students, and others are ladies of means and possessed of intelligence that is stamped upon their features and is manifest in their comprehension of the legal aspects of the case. After a free and fair discussion of all points of interest they unanimously resolved to appoint a committee to take full charge of their interests. A suitable heading for a subscription paper was then drawn up and submitted by the committee, which was accepted. Each lady present was requested to read the paper and, if it met with her acceptance, to subscribe such sum as she saw fit. The object of the subscription is to raise a sufficient fund to retain able counsel to defend Mrs. Howe, and the subscribers believe that in defending her they protect their own interests. They believe fully that Mrs. Howe is able and willing to pay her indebtedness in full if she has the opportunity given her, and they refuse to believe her guilty of the charge against her until it is proven. They claim that their interests have been entirely ignored in the matter, and as no one has appeared to protect them they propose to fight their own battles. They say they have been called foolish, deluded, misguided women, but state that the only parties that have deluded them are lawyers, who, while pretending to have their interests at heart, appear to be actuated by the desire to get possession of their bank books, in order to set up a claim against Mrs. Howe, and secure a fee, which in some cases has been exorbitant. It was alleged by one of the ladies present, in support of the above statement, that a certain lawyer in this City received four books from a depositor, and agreed to look after her interests for a small sum. Afterward, desiring not to be a party to the prosecution of Mrs. Howe, she called for her books and he demanded $10 per book for his services. She was obliged to mortgage her furniture, upon which she could only raise $30, and had to leave one book in his possession, which, it is alleged, he retains at present. Others stated that they were visited by members of the bar and urged to give up their books, the lawyers agreeing to look after their interests. Still others stated that they were obliged to demand back their books in forcible terms before they succeeded in getting them. They complain in severe terms that Mrs. Howe's bail is excessive, stating that all the legal claims against her that have been set up would aggregate less than $2,000, and she is asked to recognize in the sum of $15,000, while a man recently arraigned in court for obtaining $500 on false pretenses was only required to give $200 bail. They further claim that if, instead of Mrs. Howe a man had been arrested on the same charge he would not have had to go to jail. A considerable sum was subscribed yesterday, and more will be forthcoming. The movement is spontaneous and original with the women, who have not asked counsel of any man, nor was Mrs. Howe or her counsel advised in relation to the movement. No one is expected to give unless able and willing, but those present yesterday, without exception, put their names down, and subscribed liberally. Those who had no money put down their names in sympathy with the cause. As an evidence of entire fairness the name and address of each subscriber is taken by the person receiving the contribution, and a receipt given for the amount paid. The money is turned over to the Treasurer of the committee, who gives her a receipt to the person paying in the money, and if a sufficient sum is not raised to retain such counsel as they desire, the money will be refunded in full to the subscribers.

Many of the ladies present desired to state that any assertion made to the effect that Mrs. Howe persuaded depositors to leave their money with her was false. One lady stated that she learned of the existence of the institution by a friend, and sought out Mrs. Howe, and made such inquiries as she deemed necessary, and when she asked Mrs Howe about the safety of any deposit she might make, that lady told her not to put in any money until she had made a careful investigation, and then not to leave her money if she was not perfectly satisfied. This statement was pronounced by other ladies present similar to their own experience, and it should be stated here that the subscribers to the fund and Mrs. Howe's defenders, are not those depositors who have received back as much as they paid in, but among them are many new subscribers who as yet have received no interest, except that paid in advance at the time of deposit.

This latest feature in the Woman's Bank case is, to say the least, a novel one, for it is something new for creditors to assemble and subscribe money to defend a debtor. It would seem that many of the depositors have not lost confidence in the ability and willingness of Mrs. Howe to fulfill all her obligations.

IMPORTED STALLIONS

For the Far West.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Three mammoth Clydesdale stallions are stabled in the U. S. Bonded Stables in this City, awaiting removal to Nebraska. They are a splendid specimen of Clydesdale breed of horses, and have enormous feet and legs. They are not handsome or showy from an artistic point of view, as their legs seem short and massive, and are covered with hair; while their manes are also full and bushy. Judges of horses, however, say that the animals are some of the finest specimens that have arrived here for a long time past. They arrived a few days ago from Scotland in the steamer "Anconia," and are the property of Mr. Reeside, who is taking them to Nebraska. They have not been injured in the least by the voyage. They are black, brown and bay, and are valued at about $8,000. The brown stallion is four years old, 17 hands high, and weighs nearly 1,900 pounds. The black and bay are three-year olds, and are not so large as the brown, each weighing 1,700 pounds. There are also arrived in the same steamer four magnificent fox hounds, for Major Shiercly, of Kentucky.

Franking Abuses.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The Special Committee of the House, charged with the investigation of the alleged abuses of the franking privilege during the late Presidential campaign, held another meeting to-day. The Committee has examined quite a number of witnesses, including postoffice clerks and the employes of the Democratic Congressional Committee, and this morning had before them, as witnesses, some employes of the Republican Congressional Committee. It is understood that the Committee will report that the evidence has disclosed carelessness or looseness in the use of the franking privilege by both parties, and it is intimated that their report may contain a recommendation for the abolition of the franking privilege.

Sawyer Gets It.

CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—The Evening Journal's Madison, Wis., special says Philetus Sawyer was to-day elected United States Senator to succeed Angus Cameron.

We have been informed that a large glass factory in the State of New Jersey has been engaged in nothing else but the manufacture of bottles for Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup—the sale of which is enormous. Price 25 cents.

There is a woman in Lancaster, Penn., has not lived in vain. She has had nine sons, and every one has entered the ministry.

THE TELEGRAPH SALE.

Details of the Great Contract.

NEW YORK, Jan, 28.—The World of this morning says: "The following is a careful abstract of the agreement by which the Western Union Telegraph Company purchases the assets, plans, patents, franchise, real estate and stocks owned by the American Union and the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Companies. The purchase includes all the property of the two companies except their franchises to be corporations. The consideration paid to the American Union is 150,000 shares of Western Union stock at a par value of one hundred dollars to be delivered to the Union Trust Company for distribution in exchange for 100,000 shares of American Union stock, and the $5,000,000 American Union bonds. The stock is to be exchanged share for share, and the bonds at par for stock at par. The American Union contracts to deliver its property free of liens and incumbrances; that its indebtedness shall not and does not exceed the $5 000,000 in bonds, and that its capital stock does not exceed 100,000 shares, and that the entire amount of its bonds and not less than (left blank) shares of stock shall be exchanged within three days after notice tha Western Union stock is ready for exchange.

"The consideration paid the Atlantic & Pacific is 84,000 sharas of Western Union stock, to be used in return for 140 000 shares of Atlantic & Pacific stock, at $100 a share, the exchange to be made at the rate of three shares of Western Union for five shares of Atlantic & Pacific. The 72,012 shares of A. & P. stock belonging already to the W. A. are to be included in the exchange. It is next agreed the W. U. shall increase its capital stock by $88,-296,520, of which 15 millions are to be given to the holders of the present shares of W. A., to represent its investment of earnings in, in construction and purchases since July 1, 1863, and the residue for the purchase of the American Union and Atlantic & Pacific.

"The Western Union undertakes all telegraph and other contracts of the other companies, and particularly the American Union's agreement for the lease of cable messages; certain wires to the owners of the two new cables about to be laid across the Atlantic. The rights, privileges and interests of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, it is especially agreed, shall be protected and observed. It is stipulated the Western Union shall be put into the possession of its purchase Feb. 24th, and shall deliver stock on or before that date, but the purchase and sale shall be held to date from January 1st, last and all earnings and expenditures shall be for the account of the Western Union.

"The American Union stipulates the assets of the Central Construction Company and all its properties rights of franchises remaining after the discharge of its debts, shall be turned over to the Western Union, and it is agreed that in the event of legal proceedings, the liability shall acerue therefore to the party affected.

THE G. A. R.

Annual Meeting at Columbus.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 26.—The Ohio Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, assembled here to-day, about 200 delegates being present. The morning was occupied in listening to reports of various officers. The report of the Department Commander shows 42 Posts in the State, 24 of which were organized last year. The increase in membership during the same period was 1,038. The receipts for the year were $1,893, and the disbursements $1,292.

Attempt to Blow up a Hotel.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan 28.—A special from Lompoc states that some parties, at present unknown, tried to blow up the Lompoc Hotel last night, by throwing four bombshells through the windows. Only one exploded and burst in the doors, windows and partitions, causing great confusion. Two were tossed in the sleeping room of Mr. and Mrs. Butchard, but did not explode, and one in the billiard-room, which also failed to explode. Had they all exploded the building would have been completely destroyed and several lives lost. The size of the bombshells were two feet two inches in circumference and weighed nearly six pounds each.

Mr. Christianey in Contempt of Court.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Minister Christianey is in contempt of the District Court here. He has not complied with its order for the payment of alimony, and until he purges himself from this contempt no further testimony will be taken in his behalf. If he should come here now he would be at once arrested for contempt, and be called upon to show cause why he should not be punished for it. This is a somewhat awkward position for the State Department and the President, and is to be added to the growing dimensions of this scandal. The diplomatic service is not acquiring glory from the situation.

Too Many Small Notes.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Treasurer Gilfillan received a letter from one of the business men of Indianapolis which caused him some surprise. There is a demand for one dollar and two dollar notes all over the country, with the exception, it would appear, of the section in which Indianapolis is located. Treasurer Gilfillan's correspondent states there is a glut of $1 and $2 notes in Indianapolis and vicinity, and asks how they can be got rid of. The Treasurer replied that if the notes were sent to the Treasury they would be exchanged for notes of higher denomination.

Of Course she Knew Washington.

WAYNESVILLE, Jan. 28.—Aunt Judy Gaskins, who was 104 years old on the 5th of June, 1880, will be buried here to-day. She was in possession of her mental faculties up to the last, and her eyesight enabled her to thread the finest needle without difficulty. She was born a slave in Prince William County, Virginia, and distinctly remembers receiving a twelve and a half cent piece from the hands of Gen. Washington, when she was 13 years old, for giving him a drink of water.

Hunting Prairie Wolves.

ELKHORN, Wis., Jan. 28.—Prairie wolves have been for several months ravaging the sheep folds of the County, and additional rewards have recently been offered by local organizations for their capture. This morning a large gray coyote was brought in by Andrew McKaig, of Green Township, for which he received the local bounty of $50, aside from the County bounty of $15. A considerable force of hunters are now scouring that Township and other Townships with the hope of securing the large bounties offered, the snow helping the force to track these animals.

Business Changes in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—The Evening Journal learns from a trustworthy source that the long established firm of Field, Leiter & Co., who are the leading wholesale and retail dry goods merchants of the City, is about to dissolve, L. Z. Leiter going out, and a new firm being organized as Marshal, Field & Co. The dissolution will be perfectly amicable and only effected through business reasons. The members of the firm will neither affirm nor deny the statement, nor give the particulars.

A Brutal Mother.

WHITEVALE, Ont., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Shepard killed her two little boys, one three years, the other seven months of age, the former with a revolver the latter with a butcher knife. She then probably fatally stabbed herself.

Brained by a Brother.

WASHINGTON, Penn., Jan. 28.—A small son of A. D. Kimble, Spring Hill, was struck on the head accidentally, yesterday, with an ax with which his brother was chopping wood, and fatally injured.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25 cents.

A MAD BLOOD HOUND

Causes Great Excitement in New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—A savage blood hound of great size ran about the west side of the City on Wednesday night and yesterday, biting and frightening a number of people. The animal was supposed to be mad. It was very savage and did a great deal of harm before it was at last killed by a policeman. On Wednesday night John Cavanagh came to the Chambers Street Hospital with marks of its teeth in his right hand and wrist. It was next seen at 4 four o'clock in the morning, when it bounded past Officer Todd, of the ninth precinct, at Hudson and Ganzvoort street. The officer fired at it but missed, when the animal disappeared in the darkness. The next trace of it was at 6 o'clock in the morning, when Mrs. Weed, of Varick street, exhibited her torn and bleeding hands in the Prince street station. At the same time Henry Mentel, 32 Thompson street, was exhibiting similar injuries in the Charles street police station. From the description it was the same bloodhound. The dog's next appearance was in Hudson street, where it snapped at Mr. Rymer and tore his clothes, but without injuring him. A car man named Barclay who went to Mr. Rymer's assistance was bitten. In Thirteenth street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenue, it snapped at Charles Sielman and fastened its teeth in his coat. Mr. Sielman fired a shot at it but missed. It turned and ran on Tenth avenue, jumping over the shoulder of a man and snapping off his hat. Daniel Fitzgerald and James Dougherty were quietly at work in D. G. Carroll's lumber yard at Little Twelfth street and Tenth avenue early in the forenoon when the huge grey blood hound ran in from the street and fell upon them with great fury. It foamed at the mouth and its eyes rolled wildly. Before the men could escape both had been bitten about the legs. The animal next suddenly appeared in Eleventh street, coming upon two men and tearing their clothes. It was fired upon, but escaped. It was at length cornered among some lumber and a policeman, crawling upon the lumber piles emptied his revolver into its body and killed it. Edward Wilton, a sailor on the steamer "Adriatic," and the steward of the steamer, Edward Bartholomew, reported they had been badly bitten by a dog on Wednesday night, at the steamer's pier, No. 32. Further injuries by the animal are expected to be reported.

CABINET GOSSIP.

Theories and Speculations Regarding Sherman's Course.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—Several days ago it was announced from Columbus that there was yet a possibility of Secretary Sherman resigning his seat in the Senate and continuing at his post as Secretary of the Treasury. Some have scoffed at this idea, but there are a few thinking politicians who say that it should not be overlooked as a contingency. In other words, it is classed as remotely possible, but not probable. The men who think of this remote possibility say that Secretary Sherman belongs to a family that always moves on a direct line, and never gives up an idea or an ambition once formed. Now it is regarded as a self-evident political principle that a man who has once formed the ambition of becoming President never renounces it. It is also an unquestioned fact that the Senate is not a good field for the maneuvering of Presidential aspirants. John Sherman has now before him six years of Senatorial life. It is not reasonable for him to expect a re-election, as the young men are so crowding to the front in Ohio. To get into Pres. Garfield's Cabinet would be to have the prospect of eight years' service and a chance to fall heir to Garfield. In case of Sherman's appointment to the Cabinet the question of his successorship in the Senate comes up, and in this connection it is whispered that Pres. Rutherford B. Hayes is not so anxious to retire to the shades of Fremont. He would not be unwilling to serve his country in the Senate.

There are many other remote contingencies connected with this finely spun possibility, but they are only worth mention because they have been the subject of political gossip at the National capital.

ALAS, POOR SAMMY,

He'll Have to Disgorge Now, Sure.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The decision of the Supreme Court, to the effect that the income tax is constitutional, will be bad news for Mr. Samuel J. Tilden. He may not have known it, but Mr. Stewart L. Woodford, United States District Attorney, has been waiting for two years to hear from the Court before proceeding with the suit against him for the large sum he owes the Government. This is the first time the Supreme Court has had the question before it, and as was expected, the decision of the lower court is affirmed, and all chance for quibble and objection is obviated. It is not generally known that Mr. Tilden two years ago made the Government a proposition to settle which was rejected. He proposed, through his counsel, to confess judgment in the sum of $5,000, so as to bring an issue before the Court, on condition that if the decision was against him, the Government would not ask more than the $5,000. This offer was rejected, and this decision now leaves a clear field for Mr. Woodford to advance upon the railroad wrecker, who will have to disgorge. A foolish campaign story was started last year to the effect that the prosecution was holding off, expecting Tilden to nominated at the Cincinnati Convention, when the tax case would have been pushed. The true reason of the delay is explained above.

OPPOSITION

To Monopoly.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—The statement telegraphed from Chicago of the intention of the merchants of that City to establish a commercial telegraph line to New York has been received with great enthusiasm among the members of the Produce Exchange and other down-town merchants having business relation with the West. The members of the New York Produce Exchange say there will be no trouble in obtaining all the money needed in Chicago without asking for public subscriptions, but that if this should not be so, all the projectors have to do is to come to New York and they will be accomodated. They can in any event be assured of receiving the full patronage of the New York merchants.

The Stone Estate.

BOSTON, Jan 28.—Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Maiden, has at length ceased making bequests from the estate of her late husband, having disbursed the princely amount of $1,793,292. The benefactions have all been announced, except the following, which were made public to-day:

Drury college (additional)	$20,000
Doane college, Crete, Neb.	5,000
Colorado college, Colorado Springs, Col.	5,000
Washburn college, Topeka	5,000
Boston City Missionary Society	2,500
Boston North-end mission	2,500
Boston Penitent Females	1,000
American Missionary Association, final balance	1,292

Fatal Mistake of a Telegraph Operator.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—It is stated that the responsibility for the collision between two freight trains on the Fort Wayne, on Saturday last, near South Chicago, in which Brakeman George Butts was killed, has been placed with the telegraph operator at South Chicago. He gave the conductor what is known as a "clearance order" when he had contrary orders from the train dispatcher lying on his table. The operator has left town and his whereabouts are unknown.

Small Pox Breaks Out.

CHICAGO, Jan. 26.—The Journal's Des Moines special says small-pox has broken out in the Fort Madison, Iowa, Penitentiary, creating great excitement and panic. All foremen of contract work have fled, and work is generally abandoned. It is believed the disease will shortly be under control.

THE SPRAGUE DIVORCE SUIT

Finally Begun by the Governor who Files his Petition.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 27.—In the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court, Washington County, to-day, William Sprague filed a petition, praying for a divorce from his wife, Katherine Chase Sprague. The petition recites the facts of the marriage, and says that he has ever since on his part kept and performed all his marriage covenants, but said Katherine Chase Sprague, unmindful of her marriage vows, and disregarding her marriage covenant, hath violated the same in this; that she has willfully and without cause de

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

A serious rising is reported in Turkish Armenia.

The cotton crop of Egypt will exceed the first estimates by about 30 per cent.

Rev. P. Lee Royce, of Janesville, Wis., has been nominated by Pres. Hayes for a naval chaplaincy.

Three more baronies in Roscommon County, Ireland, have been declared in a state of disturbance.

Larry Brennan, a murderer, escaped from the jail at Gunnison, Col., by sawing through the grates.

The House Committee on Ways and Means pigeon holed Hurd's free trade resolution by a vote of 6 to 4.

Nearly a foot of snow fell at Watertown, N. Y., yesterday, and all freight trains have been abandoned.

The Kentuck glass works at the Southern edge of Louisville, were damaged to the amount of $10,000 by fire.

Elaborate preparations are being made at Mountjoy prison, in Ireland, for a large number of fresh inmates.

Mount Baker, in British Columbia, is in a state of eruption and throwing out large clouds of smoke and ashes.

The Business Men's Protective Association of Richmond, Ind., has published a "dead beat directory" of that City.

An advance of 7½ per cent. in wages has been conceded by the Clyde shipbuilders to their men and the strike is ended.

A boat used for harbor work at Cherbourg foundered and the crew of 18 persons drowned. Eight bodies already recovered.

A bill is before the Illinois house to add the Attorney General and Secretary of State to the railway and warehouse Board.

Russian farmers are experimenting with Western seed corn. An invoice of six bushels has been sent to Odessa from Plano, Ill.

The result of the traversers' trial was received with rejoicing all over the land. Bonfires and illuminations were the order of the night.

The Chicago Lumber Exchange has advanced the market prices on all grades of boards, planks and small timber about five per cent.

A mass of coal and rock, estimated at 2000 tons, fell in the Empire mines, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., burying Morris and Thomas Evans.

The Dubuque Land League celebrated the result of the trial of the traversers by bonfires, a salute of artillery, and an enthusiastic mass meeting.

Citizens of Dona and Grant counties, New Mexico, will petition the commissioners to offer a bounty of $100 for each Apache scalped.

The wife of James Cummings, a colored man living near Cranston, N. J., gave birth to four babies at one fell swoop. All are doing well.

King John of Abyssinia has decided to send an important mission to Egypt, to return thanks for the favorable reception of his envoys by the Khedive.

Dr. Peck, of the National Surgical Institute, stepped into a barrel of boiling water, and his legs were absolutely cooked from the knees down.

Five children of a farmer named Boscomb, living near Malone, N. Y., were mysteriously burned to death while their mother was absent at a neighbor's.

The House Committee on Judiciary has decided that the Senate has a constitutional right to originate bills making appropriations of public moneys.

Gen. Cluseret, of Paris, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs for defaming the army and eulogizing a regicide.

The mayor of Liverpool has arranged for the landing of troops from the guardship in the Mersey, in the event of suspected action on the part of Irishmen.

The people of Montgomery, Ala., have subscribed nearly all the money required to build the Southern Railroad to the Florida line through a rich cotton section.

The arguments in the case of Rufus Hatch against the telegraph companies, to prevent their consolidation, were concluded in New York, and the court reserved its decision.

Commodore Davidson and others have filed with the Secretary of State, at St. Paul, articles for a company, with $2,000,000 capital, to improve the waterpower at Sauk Rapids. Operations will be commenced this Spring.

It has been ascertained that Colonel Potter, of the United States Geological Survey, who has been missing since October, was robbed and murdered by a party of three Greasers one of whom is now under arrest at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Gov. Jewell, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was examined relative to the abuses of the franking privilege. He testified that the Republicans used no franks, but expended $14,000 for postage and expressage on the documents they distributed from New York alone.

William L. Thornton is declared ineligible to the office of Judge of Sullivan County, New York, to which he was elected. Thornton offered to serve for $2,000, the salary being $2,500. This pledge, made to the tax payers before the election, is held by the Court to be a bribe.

Commodore Jeffers, at the request of President Hayes, will prepare a statement of the probable expense of fitting out a vessel for the Arctic regions, to search for the "Jeannette." He thinks $100,000 would be required, and says the "Wachusett," now in the Pacific, is the proper vessel to send.

A dormitory for students, known as Flint's Hall, at Valparaiso, Ind., was destroyed by fire, the loss being $12,000. County Auditor Brown, while serving as a pipeman, had a ladder pulled from beneath him when opposite a third-story window, and is believed to have been injured internally.

Hughes showed few signs of distress after the conclusion of the pedestrian match. The winnings of the men aggregated $8,048 83, distributed as follows: Hughes, $2,219 52. He also gets $1,000 from O'Leary, for beating the best time on record. Albert, $2,419.64; Vint, $1,307.32; Krohne, $804.27, and Howard, $402.44.

In Dickson County, Tenn., Tuesday night, James P. Claudy, 60 years old, was brutally beaten to death with a stick, robbed of $60 or $70, the house fired and his horse stolen. Andrew Jackson White has been arrested on suspicion, from the fact that he sold the horse for $100. He protests his innocence, and says the horse was given him. White is 19 years old.

A novel case of body-snatching is reported from the Village of Worthington, near Columbus, O. Sunday night three persons entered a house where a corpse was laid out in the casket, and were just about taking body, casket and all, through the window, and thence to a wagon in waiting, when the watchers came on the scene. The body-snatchers then took to their heels.

Dr. Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, says the rates now ruling will not be advanced except in a few places where the 15-cent rates prevail, and where there are not adequate terminal facilities. This advance will not apply to the oil region points, however. Dr. Green says that the Company contemplates a number of improvements.

The President's nomination of George H. Foster to be United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, to succeed Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, is regarded in Washington as a final effort on the part of the Administration to get even with Sen. Conkling. Mr. Foster is a bitter enemy of the New York Senator, and his confirmation will be opposed by the stalwarts.

The New York walking match closed Saturday night with the following score: Hughes 568, Vint 550, Howard 515½, Albert 558, Krohne 529, Campana 425. The managers, who expected to reap a rich harvest, will clear less than $800 for themselves. The expenses have been great and the receipts limited, and losses by counterfeit tickets considerable. The five men will divide about $8,000 among them.

PROPELLER WRECKED.

Passengers Take to the Small Boats and are Saved.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 31.—The propeller "St. Albans," belonging to the Ludington Line, Northern Transportation Company, was wrecked 16 miles out on the lake. The passengers, who have been out in small boats since yesterday, are being picked up by tugs.

LATER—Twenty-six of the crew and passengers of the "St. Albans" are all saved. All the boats are in but one, and that is nearly ashore. The boat and cargo are a total loss. One or two of the passengers are from Ludington.

THE STORY OF THE WRECK.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 31—At 8 o'clock this morning Geo. W. Amey, of this City, who resides near the Lake shore, saw far out on the Lake to the northeast, four black specks that attracted his attention. He looked carefully, and through the snow that was driving from the northeast thought that he could discern

BOATS WITH PEOPLE

in them. A few moments' steady looking convinced him that the objects were boats. Then he went up to the Northwestern Depot and gave the alarm. Shortly the news spread that small boats with people in them were out upon the lake and needed assistance in making the shore. A multitude began to assemble on the Lake front. Slowly the frail boats that were just discernible through

THE FAST INCREASING STORM,

neared the shore. There were four in all and in one of them were seen women. Rescuing parties, composed mostly of police, were formed, and at 9 o'clock one of the boats, containing four men, reached the outer breakwater, near the Northwestern depot and the men in it were hauled safely ashore. Then it was learned that the small boats in sight were from the propeller "St. Albans," of the Northern TransitCompany, which left here yesterday morning to cross the lake, and when about 12 miles out was discovered to be leaking, and in less than two hours from the discovery of the leak

HAD TO BE ABANDONED

by her crew of 20 persons and five passengers, four of whom were ladies.

The story, as told by the four men who first reached the shore, was that yesterday morning, after the "St. Albans" was out about two hours she was discovered to be leaking badly. Men were put to work on the leak, which was in the bow of the port side, and appeared to have been caused by the almost constant contact with the ice. The cargo forward was thrown over to lighten her up, but the water gained constantly. In about half an hour after the discovery, the fires were put out. Then the Captain ordered the small boats out and concluded to

ABANDON THE FAST SINKING PROPELLER

the 25 persons were divided into four boats loads and left the propeller at 1:20 o'clock yesterday.

OFF FOR MEXICO

Grant is Going to Look Over the Ground.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Gen. Grant writes to friends here that he expects to make a visit to Mexico, starting within the next week or two. His visit is in connection with the great railroad enterprise with which he has associated himself, for the extension of the through rail road system of the United States from New York to the City of Mexico. Mexico is now almost without railroads, and the idea of the projectors of the scheme is to have the iron horse penetrate the fertile and populous portions of Mexico, and more particularly to bring the silver mines of that country into close and rapid communication with the outside world. Much is expected of Gen. Grant's connection with the scheme, as it is believed that he will be able to secure greater concessions and privileges from the Mexican Government than any other. During his trip he will probably take in the silver mine owned and operated by the company of which ex-Gov. Shepherd is a prominent member. If the silver mines of Mexico are brought into easy communication with a market those interested claim they will be able to realize fortunes more colossal than any possessed by the silver kings of Nevada. Several gentlemen of Washington are now on the eve of departure for Mexico to take interests in the mine worked by Gov. Shepherd and his associates.

A TERRIBLE STORM

On the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31.—A dispatch from Santa Cruz says that eight Chinamen who were employed in cutting timber for a mill company on the South Pacific Coast Railroad, near Doty's Mill, 14 miles from Santa Cruz, were buried alive yesterday by half a mille of mountain snow sliding down. Eighteen were emptoyed, and but 10 escaped.

Another dispatch from Santa Cruz says Camp Capitola, four miles from Santa Cruz, washed out to the sea the only four houses left of the Town. No lives lost.

The Oroville Railroad is submerged for a long distance. The amount of damage cannot be ascertained until the water goes down.

At Windsor, Sonoma County, 13 inches of rain fell in 70 hours. Much damage was sustained by people in that vicinity. In Placerville, Eldorado County, in 24 hours up to noon to-day, 7 60-100 inches of rain fell. From other places in the northern part of the State come almost incredibable accounts of the amount of rain that fell during the storm.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

Nothing Will be Done.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—While a good deal of feeling evidently exists relative to the establishment of the postal telegraph, it is extremely doubtful whether anything substantially looking that way will be adopted at the present session. In the first place, the time is too short in which to mature such an important bill. Secondly, the majority of the Committee on Postoffices and Postroads is said to be opposed to entering upon the subject at this time. The Democrats are too conservative to originate any great public scheme of this kind. There are grave doubts arising as to the rights of individuals, which require more consideration than those affecting the inter-State commerce question. For instance, according to English precedents, the Government cannot obtain control of the telegraph lines without paying the value estimated upon the income of the companies.

VERY, VERY CRAZY.

The Effect of the Internal Application of an Eye Wash.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 29.—J. L. Jackson, a merchant of Gibson City, Ill., came to Chicago to have a bad eye treated. The physician gave him an eye wash for outward application, and also a prescription to purify his blood. By mistake he drank the eye wash, and is now in his room at the Brevoort House, crazy as a loon, combing snakes off the bedstead, hunting imaginary hooks on the wall and seeing imaginary imps on all sides. When first discovered in his delirium he was sharpening his pocket-knife to cut the throat of the housekeeper who had prevented him from jumping out of the window.

Hard on the Oysters.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—Not in many years has the oyster and fishing interest on Long Island been so seriously affected by the cold weather. For the past six weeks the bays have been frozen over solid, most of time almost suspending "oystering" and fishing, and in consequence the bay men have suffered large losses. They have been able to make but very light shipments. Usually about 5,000 bushels of oysters are shipped per week from the Town of Hempstead alone from which is realized about $7,000. The business done at some of the other places along the South side of the island exceeds this. The chief employment of the bay men now is spearing through the ice for eels. A great number of fishing smacks are fast in the ice. The Great South Bay as well as other smaller bays are solid ice, and people walk and skate across at different points.

WILL HE GET IT?

A Philadelphia Pauper Who is Entitled to Half a Million Dollars.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 1.—Old Joseph Ramento lives in a small, cramped little shanty-like house down at Sixteenth and Reed streets. At the same time it is said that $500,000 awaits him in the treasury of the United States pension department at Washington. Want of legal assistance alone is said to have kept old Joseph through many years out of the possession of his own. The story of the origin of the claim goes away back into the events of 1812. Joseph was born in Philadelphia in 1798, and is consequently 93 years old. He married Mary Lewis, of Brandywine, in 1819. Mary's father had been drafted into the army in the year 1812, when Mary herself was nine years old, and before she had even set eyes on young Joe Ramento. Lewis went to the front, leaving behind him his wife and five children. For three years he wrote regularly. Then the correspondence ceased. Nothing was heard of him for nearly 40 years, or until the year 1850. His wife and all his children expect Mrs. Ramento had meantime died in 1850 intelligence reached Mrs. Ramento that her father was dead, and that nearly half a million dollars worth of property, including back pay, pension money, and land grants, was lying in the hands of the pension officials at Washington. The Ramentos, knowing little about the requirements of the law waited for some years, expecting the money or titles for the property would come to them. Then, finding there was no prospect of such an event, they placed the matter in the hands of a pension agent, who depicted in a glowing manner his peculiar ability to extort the amount of any claim that ever existed from any source whatever. The chief business of this pension agent, after getting the matter into his hands, was to collect the fees with great precision and regularity, and put them into his pocket. Finding he was making no progress in the matter, the old folks gave up. Now the matter has been revived again and given into the hands of J. B. Gibbs, a young member of the bar, who thinks he can do something for them.

HEAVY RAINFALL.

Great Floods Reported on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31.—The rain that began the 28th inst. spread over the coast from British Columbia to the southern portion of this State, and has been the heaviest storm experienced since 1861. Feather, Yuba and Upper Sacramento rivers all overflowed their banks, and the creeks running into those streams are all over the banks. The damage cannot be stated, but the aggregate loss is immense. The Central Pacific Railroad suffers heavily. About a thousand yards of wall near Benicia is washed away. A long stretch on the Oregon branch, near Bear River, is gone, and there are washouts of less extent in many other places. Several miles of the Santa Cruz Railroad is washed away near Santa Cruz. The Town of Napa was flooded; also, a portion of Watsonville.

Maysville had a narrow escape. The water came to the top of the levee and broke over in four places, when the levee above the Town broke and let the water on to the plains around the City. This relieved Maysville for awhile, and before the plains filled the river began falling, and the City is now regarded as safe.

The Sacramento Valley from Cache Creek to Red Bluffs presents the appearance of a vast lake.

In San Francisco, for 48 hours ending at 5 o'clock this morning, six and thirty-seven hundredths inches of rain fell—by far the heaviest rainfall ever experienced here in the same time. In the lower portion of the City many houses were flooded. In the business part of the City innummerable cellars filled with water, entailing great loss. Altogether the storm is one of the most destructive known on the coast.

At 6 o'clock this evening dispatches from various parts of the State say the storm is subsiding, and here in San Francisco the rain has stopped, the wind changed and the barometer is rising.

A MISSING MAIDEN.

What has Become of Marion Kalish?

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—Marion Kalish, the daughter of J. Kalish, a retired wealthy tobacco merchant of Hoboken, has been missing for two weeks, and not the slightest clue to her whereabouts has yet been discovered. She is 17 years old, and is an attractive and well-educated girl. The police of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston were supplied with photographs of the girl, and have visited all the houses of ill-resort in those cities, without finding any trace of her. What deepens the mystery is that her parents say she was most exemplary in character, had few gentlemen friends, and would not associate with any person of bad reputation. The New York police think, however, that she has designedly left her home, probably in company with some man. They say she was too bright and intelligent to be enticed away without having some idea of her destination. She left home in the morning to attend school on Forty-fifth street in this city. She did not go to school at all, but it has been learned that she spent most of the day in wandering about the city. She visited several stores where she and her parents were known, and examined goods without purchasing anything. The police think that she was killing time, and probably had an appointment with some person, and was waiting for the hour to arrive. She was last seen about 4 o'clock in a picture store on Sixth avenue Her friends are afraid that she is detained by some den against her will. They think it likely that she walked down Sixth avenue and Carmine street to Bleecker for the purpose of catching a car going down Town, and that while passing some house she might have been suddenly seized and drawn inside. They say that she always appeared to be very fond of her family and of her home, and they cannot believe that she has voluntarily deserted her parents. A personal address to her was inserted in one of the papers to-day, beseeching her to communicate with her parents.

A Curious Case.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—The case of Theophilus Youngs was up again to-day, in the Surrogate's Court before Rerce Underhill. This is the case in which it is alleged that Youngs was dead and wife applied for letters of administration on his estate, but Youngs, or the person who claims to be Youngs, turns up and opposes the wife's application. He declares that if he is dead in law, he is a very lively corpse; in fact he was put on the stand, and gave a sketch of his life. He identified old portraits of himself, and also a letter he had written to his brother, dated June 24, 1869. Mrs. Youngs, the respondent, was not present, and the witness will be further examined Thursday next.

A Heavy Fraud.

CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—Further examination of the books of the County Collector's office reveals the fact that by erasures and suppression upon the books of forfeitures and delinquencies of taxes, the county has been defrauded of about $92,000 in 10 years. These frauds have been carried on in a quiet way, and probably all concerned in them will not be brought to justice.

A Lady Lawyer.

WAUPUN, Wis., Jan. 31.—The first lady ever admitted to the Bar in the Seventh Judicial Circuit of Wisconsin, was to day sworn in. Her name is Francis F. Arnold, and she lives in New London, this County. Miss Arnold is a good looking, educated young lady, and possesses more than ordinary ability. She is 23 years old.

Leona Dare.

GENEVA LAKE, Wis., Jan. 31.—The celebrated "Leona Dare" and her husband, Ernst Grünebaum, have become insolvent, and are being mercilessly pursued by creditors. The family jewelry, valued at $2,000, was secured yesterday by the Sheriff to satisfy claims, and more trouble is expected,

THE "JEANNETTE."

Capt. Howgate's Views.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29—Capt. Howgate said to-day to a reporter: "I think the government will undoubtly send a relief ship to hunt for the "Jeannette" the coming summer. In my opinion there is no need for anxiety for the safety of the vessel. We know that she was properly fitted with everything, including sleighs and dogs, and if she had been caught in an ice floe and crushed, those on board would undoubtedly have had time to go over the ice to the main land, and thence to Siberia and St. Pstersburg, whence we should hear by telegraph of their arrival. You can not call this case and the one of the two whalers that were lost parallel, because the whalers only had an ordinary whaling outfit, while on the Jeannette they had everything, including pluck and brains."

"If a vessel should be sent what one would be selected?"

"The Corwin is the olny one that could go. There would not be time either to build a suitable vessel or to strengthen one to combat the ice, to have her do any good the coming season. You remember the Corwin proved herself last year a good ship. I think there will be continual expeditions sent out for exploration in that region, not only by our Government, but also by foreign Governments. I think the English nation will send out one the coming season."

"How soon would it be possible to hear from the 'Jeannette?'"

"If all has been well, we can not possibly hear, I think, before October or November. The probabilities are that the ship is in the vicinity of Wrangell Land. Now, this is a favorite place for whaling vessels on the Pacific coast, and I think we shall be likely to hear something by this means, if the 'Jeannette' does not return."

A SINGULAR CASE,

Involving a Missing Frenchman, a Large Amount of Money, Rolls of Candles, and Gold Bricks of Iron.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 1.—The Republican has a special from Dallas, Texas, giving an account of the disappearance, under circumstances indicating foul play, of a young Frenchman, named Joseph Gravier, who is supposed to be from California, and who stated that his body servant had deserted him at Dennison, carrying off with him $4,000 in money. A valise belonging to the Frenchman, and said, by him, to contain $25,000 in gold and currency, was left at the house of Mr. Michel, who had befriended him in his trouble, and was deposited in the bank by Michel for safe keeping. When last seen the Frenchman was with an Italian named Haul, and suspicion was aroused that the latter has made away with him. Late last night the Republican received another special from Dallas stating neither Gravier or Paul had get been heard from; that dispatches to California failed to procure the identification of Gravier and that when the authorities opened his valise to-day, instead of $25,000 said to be in it, they found pieces of candles wrapped up to appear like 100 $5 gold pieces in each package, and short pieces of railroad iron wrapped up to look like gold bricks, but no money. Both the Frenchman and Italian exhibited large amounts of gold and greenbacks before disappearing, and from police information from St. Louis, they are members of a gang of well-known burglars and it is thought they are connected with a number of heavy robberies in Texas during the past few weeks. The Chief of Police has postal cards printed describing them and mailed to various Cities to secure their arrest.

August Klopp shot and killed Antoine Goschlich, a wealthy German, at Dallas, yesterday afternoon.

The latter went to the house of the former to get his daughter, who had been obliged to leave home on account of brutal treatment, and becoming very abusive and demonstrative and kicking in Kopp's door, the latter shot him with a Winchester rifle. Goschlich's wife committed suicide a few months ago, on account of the treatment of her husband. Kopp surrendered to the authorities and has public sentiment in his favor.

The President's Clemency.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—President Hayes has used the executive clemency toward the inmates of the penitentiaries more than any of his predecessors. The inmates of these institutions evidently appreciate this fully. They know that his term of office is about to expire. The consequence is an overflow of applications for pardon. The friends of the applicants are also busy. The pardon clerk of the Department of Justice who makes a preliminary report of each case that comes up for Executive clemency, is kept busy long after office hours in listening to arguments in behalf of convicts, and in filing the papers brought or forwarded in their behalf.

STRUCK TWICE BY LIGHTNING!

How Two Clerks in a Canal Street Store Received $25,000 From a Welcome Source.

The old adage that lightning never strikes twice in the same place has proved to be a fallacy in the case of the wholesale worsted-goods house of I. Herrman, of No. 291 Canal Street. All the clerks have recently been in the best of humor, and none more so than Mr. Lichtenstein, the cashier, and Mr. David Leovi, the principal traveling salesman.

A reporter called upon Mr. Leovi yesterday and asked him if any unusual prosperity had befallen him, to which he replied:

"Well, good fortune if you like to call it, for I have more than doubled my last year's salary, and nobody was so anxious to congratulate me as Mr. Herrman."

"I suppose that you have been on the right side of the market in Wall street?" suggested the reporter.

"Not at all, for we never speculate in our firm. It is scarcely a year ago that our cashier, Mr. Lichtenstein, received $10,000 in return for a $2 investment in the Louisiana State Lottery Company. Our previous confidence was more than confirmed in the Company, and so, ever since, I have been buying one or two tickets every month. In the drawing on January 11th, I had bought several tickets by correspondence with Mr. M. A. Dauphin, of 319 Broadway. One of them, numbered 24,383, which only cost $1, became entitled to half of the $300,000 capital prize."

"And did you receive the money promptly?"

"I followed Mr. Lichtenstein's plan when he collected his $10,000, and sent the ticket by Adams Express to New Orleans. The $15,000 in cash came safely to hand, but I have not yet determined how I shall invest it. Being thoroughly convinced of the absolute stability of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, I have made up my mind, however, to try my luck again in those monthly drawings, which I understand the Company holds on the second Tuesday of each month.—*N. Y. World, Jan. 25.*

FARMERS interested in stock feeding see J. K. Wilder & Co.'s reading notice elsewhere.

FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES

TUBERCULAR DISEASE OF LUNGS AND BRONCHITIS.

Tubercular consumption of the lungs is that form of the disease most common, most fatal, and until recently considered incurable. Tubercle, from which the name is derived, is a morbid product, deposited from diseased blood in various parts of the body; and in proportion as that fluid is impure, and length of time it remains so, will tubercular diathesis continue.

FALL RIVER, MASS., March 29, 1879.

James I. Fellows, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—About three years ago I was attacked with Bronchitis and Tubercular Disease of the left lung, and suffered for two years so severely that I was unable to attend to business. About a year ago I was advised to try Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites, and before I had finished one bottle my appetite and strength were greatly improved; my cough became less troublesome, my sleep was sound and refreshing, which had not been the case for over a year. I had suffered from nervousness and difficult breathing all the time I was sick; but your Syrup has cured it all. I advise all persons afflicted as I was to use Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites.

(Signed) JAMES H. STEWART.

An endless chain of good effects is formed by **Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites**, and we are safe in saying, from a long experience in medicine, its VIRTUES ARE NOT EQUALLED BY ANY OTHER COMBINATION.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, February 2, 1881.

Money in New York during the past week was fairly active, the average price being 5½ per cent. Government bonds were in active demand during most of the time, but on Monday a slight weakness was observable. State bonds were fairly active and steady. Sterling Exchange was strong. The stock market which was active with an upward tendency in the beginning of the week became irregular toward the close, and in the main weak and tending downward.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 5@6 per cent. on call. Prime mercantile paper, 4½@5½ per cent. Bar, silver, 111¾c. Exchange will in future be quoted under old system, those bankers who adopted the new plan having abandoned it as buyers of sterling preferred the old method, and besides many prominent drawers of sterling refused to adopt the new system. Rates to-day were advanced ½ @ cent. for long sight to 483, leaving short sight unchanged at 486 Government Bonds active, especially for new 4s, and prices were well maintained except for 4s coupons, which declined ¼ @ cent. 1881 registered, 101¾; coupons, 101¾; new fives, registered, 105¾; coupons, 106¾; new four-and-a-halfs, registered, 111¾; coupons, 112¾; new fours, registered, 112¾; coupons, 112¾. State Bonds inactive and entirely nominal. Railroad bonds is weak in light volume of business. Since 11 o'clock the stock market has been generally firm, and prices made a further advance of ½ @ cent, and at noon the market was generally firmer.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thr	Frid	Sat.
Old Tennessee's	48¾	46	48	47⅞	48⅞	48
New Tennessee's	48	45	45½	46	46	47⅛
Old Virginia's	30	30	30	30	30	30
New Virginia's	30	31	30	30	31	30
Missouri 6's	109½	110	110	109¾	110	109⅝
Louisiana 7½'s	52½	53¾	54	54¾	53	53⅝

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 1881	101⅝	101⅝	101⅝	101⅝	101⅝	101¾
U. S. 5's, new	101⅞	101¾	101¾	101⅞	101¾	101⅞
U. S. new 4½'s	112¾	112¾	112¾	112¾	112¾	112⅝
U. S. new 4's	113⅝	113	113⅝	113⅝	113¾	113¾
Sterling, sight	99⅛	99⅛	99⅛	99⅛	99⅛	99⅛
Sterling, 60 days	99⅜	98⅞	98⅞	99	98⅝	99
Pacific 6's of '95	128	127	128	128	128	128

The Treasurer now holds $859,873,250 in United States bonds to secure bank circulation. United States bonds deposited for circulation for the week, $648,000; United States bonds held for circulation withdrawn for the week, $668,000. National bank circulation outstanding: Currency notes, $343,492,238; gold notes, $1,185,200.

Specie exports for the week, $266,150. Silver imports, $121,745.

It is estimated at Washington that the public debt statement for the current month will show a decrease of between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000.

The only important change that is shown by the weekly bank statement of the New York Associated banks is a further expansion of $2,842,600 in the loans, which, with the net increase of $672,200 in cash held, fully accounts for the sum of $3,580,400 increased deposits. The surplus reserve over the rule of 25 @ cent. of deposits is reduced $222,800. The following are the totals of the statement and changes of the week:

	Decrease.	Increase.
Loans		$2,842,600
Specie	$220,000	
Legal tenders		892,900
Deposits		3,580,400
Circulation	14,800	
Total Reserve		672,200
Surplus reserves	222,800	

DRY GOODS.

The movement in dry goods within the week just closed was of somewhat larger proportions than during the one immediately preceding. The improvement in the activity from first hands was quite marked, the chief event being the opening of ginghams, prints, piques, lawns and worsted dress goods for the spring trade. Jobbers appeared in increased numbers in Eastern centers to lay in supplies. While there is an absence of speculative feeling, the market for leading fabrics is exceedingly firm, with an upward tendency, and in several qualities of goods the supply is so limited that orders are taken only for future delivery. Jobbers are beginning to feel the quickened impulse of trade quite sensibly, and they are preparing themselves with suitable goods to meet the demand. Unusually attractive goods will be kept on hand for the retail trade to select from, as stocks were sold up closely and replenishing has been done with fresh assortments of new styles of goods. Domestic goods sell freely. Standard cottons have gone into wider distribution than on the previous week. Wide sheetings are scarce, as are also shirting styles. Drills are in active request. Denims are closely sold up. Stripes, checks and tickings are hard to get in sufficient supply by jobbers. Cheviots are moving more freely. Corset jeans and satteens are in improved demand. Selections of cottonades are increasing. There is an unusually early request for such light fabrics as lawns and wide prints. Ginghams have been taken very freely and the pressure upon agents has been greater than ever before known for popular dress styles. There has been an improved demand for prints. Dress goods are going into consumption in increased quantity. In woolens, heavy goods have received more attention than light fabrics on account of continued cold weather, and spring goods have been somewhat neglected.

HARDWARE, ETC.

Every description of hardware is fairly active and the market shows much strength, although no changes have been made.

There is a fair degree of activity in the iron market which rules steady and firm. In Cincinnati, hot blast foundry sells as follows: Hanging Rock charcoal No. 1, $25 50@27 50; Hanging Rock charcoal No. 2, $25 00@26 00; Southern charcoal No. 1, $21 00@25 00; soft No. 1 American Scotch, 22 00@23 00. Forge iron—Strong neutral No. 1 mill, $19 50@20 50. Car wheel and malleable—Hanging Rock cold blast, $42 00@48 00; Hanging Rock warm blast, $28 00@30 00; Southern car wheel, $33 00@35 00; Lake Superior, 30 00@35 00. Wrought iron—Common bar iron, @ lb, 2¼c; chaocoal bar iron, @ cwt, $3 70; sheet iron, charcoal Nos. 10 to 27, @ 5 00@6 20c; horseshoes, @ keg, $5 00@5 25; Mule shoes, @ keg, $6 00@6 25.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Boston there was a fair trade in boots and shoes during the past week in the aggregate, and as large as is usual at this season of the year. In New York business is reported as dull in all branches of the boot and shoe trade. In Philadelphia business assumed a more cheerful look and gives evidence of an early revival of activity.

LUMBER.

Trade here continues quiet, though considering the weather the amount of business has been fair. Prices at Saginaw are firm and the sales very large, at figures higher proportionately than asking prices here Dealers here will be forced to advance prices or sell their stock at less than they can replenish it. It is expected that at the meeting of Chicago lumber dealers to be held this week the price list will be revised on a higher basis.

GROCERIES.

Mail advices show that in coffee the trade was moderate during the first part of the week. Sugars steady. Teas quiet.

Latest telegraphic advices report more activity in refined sugars. Coffees quiet. Teas firmer. Fruits steady.

COAL.

There is an active local demand for coal, and dealers are kept busy in filling orders. Considerable difficulty is yet experience in getting hard coal to meet requirements, on account of cars being detained.

The coal trade is reported by the Philadelphia Ledger to be in a healthy and satisfactory condition. The demand for nearly all sizes is so nearly full that prices vary but little from those ruling at any time within the past month or six weeks. It sees a much better prospect for the trade than for the last few years. The year 1881 is opening with a favorable showing for all interests in the coal trade; not the least satisfactory part of it is an evident disposition to act unitedly.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed Hogs advanced pretty sharply during the week, all weights in lots having advanced from $5.95 to $6 55 in this market, but today the market had a less firm tone. Hog Products are very firm.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

The manufacturers of agricultural implements have doubled in the United States during the past ten years. In 1850 this industry gave employment to 5,361 hands. This year it gives employment to 40,680. Ohio leads off, employing 10,248 people in this branch of manufacture. Illinois follows closely with 8,000, New York next, with 7,237, and then Pennsylvania, employing a few over 3,000. Twenty years ago all this manufacture was confined to New York and New England States.

WOOL.

The Boston Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co., says of the Wool market: The market continues quiet, manufacturers are holding off and trying to bear down prices, but so far without much success. There has been some concession on Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan fleeces, about ½c @ lb, but the principal holders are very indifferent about selling unless full previous rates are realized, and but a small percentage of the wool on the market could be bought at any concession. It appears to us bad policy on the part of manufacturers to hold back now. Even if they succeed in breaking down prices of fine fleeces for a few lots, there will be a rebound when they commence purchasing to any extent, and the time for an active demand cannot be delayed much longer, as there is positive evidence that many of our manufacturers are carrying comparatively small stocks.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio, and Pennsylvania X, XX and above No. 1, 46@51c; Michigan X and medium, 42½@47½c; combing and delaine, 44@54c; Territory, 14@38½c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleece, 27@37½c; California spring, 25@28c; California fall, 18@27c; super and X pulled, 35@52½c; scoured, 35@100c; noils, 50@50c.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The Mark Lane Express says: A wholesome check to the too rapid winter growth has materially improved the harvest prospects both here and on the Continent. The demand for breadstuffs, which was heightened by the severity of the weather, has been met by existidg stocks without difficulty. Trade is totally unimproved. Spot prices have been maintained in London and the Provinces in consequence of the smallness of supplies, but trade was limited to such an extent that position was wholly lost. The prospective foreign supply has overruled other considerations. Buyers, therefore, are masters of the situation. Foreign breadstuffs have been dull and mechanically restricted. Off coast business in the early part of the week was impossible, and since then it has been very limited. Buyers were awaiting supplies already on the way. Speculation in London has been defunct for all descriptions. For foreign grain there was only consumptive demand. The markets closed Friday totally unchanged. Barley has been without animation throughout the week. Prices, however, were generally in favor of sellers. Foreign barley firm but slow. Oats continue in favor of sellers, and the advance is maintained. Foreign oats also in favor of sellers. American was quoted on Friday at 26s.9d@27s. The crop of eastern Europe is known to be large, but old or new American compares favorably therewith. Sales of English wheat during the week, 34,204 qrs, at 42s.6d @ qr., against 34,852 qrs. at 45s.8d for the corresponding week last year. Imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending Jan. 22, 853,160 cwts. wheat and 283,328 cwts. flour.

The most notable feature of the grain trade during the past week was the effort made in Chicago to advance the price of wheat, but the attempt was no doubt disappointing to those who inaugurated the movement, as the markets of America and Europe did not exhibit anticipated sympathy. Reports were circulated that the growing wheat in parts of Illinois and Indiana had been damaged by the severe winter, but they were soon proven without foundation. The growing wheat is in good condition, and reasons assigned for any upward turn that may occur must be based on other grounds than that of winter kill. Aside from any speculative movement, the consumptive requirements of Europe and America seem to point to a firm market during the next few weeks, if not slightly better prices, but any sharp advance that may be established would indicate undue pressure for speculative purposes.

On Tuesday last cash No. 2 Red Wabash Wheat closed in this market at 104½c; on Wednesday it moved up to 104¾c; on Thursday it made another gain to 104⅝c, and on Friday the price was put up to 105¼c; on Saturday the tone was a little weak and no sales occurred; on resterday 105¼c was the recorded price. To-day the concluding rate was 105c.

Special reports from London and Liverpool are as follows:

LONDON, Feb. 1—1:00 P. M.—Arrived Wheat dull and easier. Arrived Corn steady. To arrive Wheat rather easier. To arrive Corn firm. No. 2 Spring and Red Winter Wheat off coast declined 3d. California declined 6d. No. 2 Spring Wheat to arrive 6d cheaper. Red Winter to arrive 3d lower.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 1—1:00 P. M.—Wheat dull. Corn dull, easier and 1½d lower at 5s.4d. Cargoes off coast for United Kingdom and Continent—Wheat and Corn dull and neglected.

An epitome of the market reports to the BLADE to-day is as follows: New York—Wheat moderately active. Corn 1½@3c lower and heavy. Oats without important change. Baltimore—Western Wheat lower and weak. Corn lower and dull. Oats dull. Buffalo—Whe